THE
NATION

November 22, 1965 . . 35c

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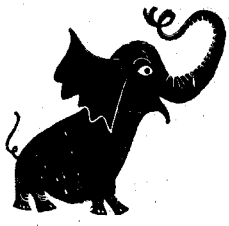
Savage Discovery: THE MOYNIHAN REPORT

William Ryan



The GOP Today

Schism Within A Dilemma

MILTON VIORST

Con Edison's Hudson Caper

David Cort

GENOVESE ON THE SLAVE SOUTH

Aileen S. Kraditor

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LETTERS

One with Ninevah?

New York City

Dear Sirs: I am shocked to laughter by the almost hysterical reaction of the Administration and its allies concerning the anti-Vietnam War rallies. On second thought, however, this overreaction should not be a cause for joy to those of us who have supported these rallies. . . . It bodes ill for the very reason that the Administration evidently does not understand the tenor of these rallies, does not comprehend the minds of those, mainly students, who are participating, does not grasp the meaning that these students bring for the future. . . . Their minds and their hearts are the future of our country, for they are the true lovers of America.

And what will happen to us if they are cast aside? . . . We are now, and in two generations time we will still be, the most powerful nation on earth. But will we be America? . . . Or will we be Assyria, the Assyria which rose like a comet, whose raw power conquered the world, but which soon disappeared, forgotten, men with mailed fist but no heart? The Administration should listen to these students. . . . Their anguish, their laments, even their rage is our grace; their presence is our grasp into the true American future, a lovely and beautiful country, of strong and just and humane men.

Philip Siekevitz
The Rockefeller Institute

Faith?

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: A quite valid criticism of the demonstrators was made by Attorney General Lynch of California: "[These people show] a shocking lack of faith in the institutions and men which govern this nation."

To which one can only reply: Alas.

Michael Wales

Politics for the Left

New York City

Dear Sirs: After all that has been written on the New Left, it seems relevant to underline that its existence is a challenge to the whole Left to unite in political action and organization. . . . The objectives of the peace movement must go beyond ending the war in Vietnam to changing the foreign policy which requires such wars, and replacing the economic system which develops such a foreign policy. . . . If the Left of today is to do these things it must be better, more powerful, than the Left of the 1930s, and to be better it must first of all be as good. . . . The student movement itself inevitably has a turnover of more than 25 per cent a year and rests on the annual recruitment of freshmen. . . . Even the strongest revolving student movement requires an organization into which to graduate. . . .

Can the New Left find a way to add 15 million organized workers to those already organized? To do better than the Left of the 1930s, not only must that be done but a radical political party must be organized, stronger in New York State than was the American Labor Party, which had trade union support, and stronger and more enduring nationally than the Progressive Party of 1948. For lasting results, political action and political organization cannot be ignored just because the parents of youth now constituting the New Left suffered subsequent defeat.

Activities for civil rights, for peace, and to raise the standards of those who live in ghettos are good in themselves. . . . But the broad objective of America for the Americans, Negro as well as white, and peace for America (meaning Asia for Asians, and so forth) requires a radical political party. And a political party requires an ideology, not unity through "knowing nothing."

J. B. C. Woods

High cost of killing

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: If you watch such TV fare as *Combat, Convoy, The Lieutenant, War Zone* or any of the late, late war movies, you will see that one resourceful lieutenant or sergeant with a single squad of dedicated men, be it World War I or II or the Korean or Civil Wars, were all that were needed to destroy a bridge or set off an ammunition dump or capture a command post or control a road junction.

Today it's different. It takes a couple of dozen mammoth B-25s based in Guam or the entire Seventh Fleet to do the same thing. And you know what that costs.

Haakon H. Hynek

Vote for democracy

Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs: The war mongers were sure upset about the peace mongers protesting our part in their current war. But you just can't please everybody, so let the record show that some people *do* support our efforts to impose "freedom" on the Vietnamese, whether they want it or not. But I would like to cast my vote for democracy. Why can't we allow the Vietnamese to decide for themselves what they want? Or is that what the peace demonstrators were suggesting?

Reynolds Moody
Lt. Col. USMC (Ret.)

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The Debacle

There has never been anything like it since Thomas A. Edison established the first American central power station in New York City in 1881. For twelve hours, on a chilly autumn night, electric power failed all over New England, New York State, parts of other states as far west as Michigan, and across the Canadian border into Ontario. In New York City life as we know it came to a standstill. The traffic lights were off, and monumental traffic jams resulted. As many as 800,000 riders may have been imprisoned in the subway during the evening rush hour, other thousands were trapped in elevators. That there was no panic, that the city and its suburbs continued to function after a fashion, is to the credit of the citizens, the police, and the radio newscasters, whose calm and for once human voices came from every transistor set in the area. Nevertheless, some grave questions remain to be answered.

For years the Consolidated Edison Company, which supplies electric power and gas to New York and its northern suburbs, has been advertising on the radio that its interconnections with other power companies keep down the cost of electricity for consumers, and (though this is unmentioned in the broadcasts) keep up dividends for the stockholders. The grid thus created was the pride of electrical power engineers, it paralleled other regional grids, and the industry looked forward to an ultimate linking up of all the electric power resources of the nation into a few great systems. Consolidated Edison by itself is enormous, with a capacity of well over 7,000 megawatts (a megawatt is a million watts or a thousand kilowatts), and its chief partner in the grid was upstate Niagara Mohawk, about equally big. Both companies were noted for bold and progressive engineering, in certain directions at least. Con Edison, for instance, recently installed the largest turbogenerator in the world, a 1,000-megawatt unit at its Ravenswood station, opposite the United Nations on the East River. But that installation in itself is evidence of the fact that the zeal of Con Edison's engineers is not matched by what might be called scientific prudence. The lubricating pumps of the giant turbines were operated by electricity, with no alternate stand-by power, and when the current failed, the main bearings burned and the generator was disabled for upward of a week.

L. E. Slade, executive vice president of Iowa Power and Light, was quoted by *The Wall Street Journal* as believing that blackouts of a similar scope are a fairly strong probability for the future. The industry, he says, has been guilty of a "too rapid push on the exotic," and he cites two smaller power failures that have occurred in the pool in which his company participates.

Con Edison admits itself baffled by the most recent disaster and gives no guarantee that the darkness will not fall again. It seems, however, to feel no embarrassment at a display of ineptitude that carries the threat of catastrophe, and indeed uses the occasion to lash out at the conservation forces which have attempted to block its despoliation of Storm King [see article by David Cort, p. 387] and to threaten a further increase in consumer rates.

But what has happened in New York City, and in Boston and other cities, is dismaying on a scale as great as the power companies' technological and business success. The story as it appears on the morning after is that when the breakdown occurred Con Edison was drawing some 300,000 kilowatts from the 345,000-volt feeder line connecting it with Niagara Mohawk.

If that account is correct, the strange feature is that the Con Edison system was knocked out beyond speedy restoration by a tie line which at the time of the trouble was supplying only about 6 per cent of the city's power. Apparently there was sufficient protection for the Con Edison plants, which dumped load when matters got out of hand upstate, but there was no reverse current protection, set to operate ahead of and to shield the local devices. The power which Con Edison was buying from Niagara Mohawk cost a little less than its own power, but what does it avail a utility if it gets a block of power at a reduction of a few thousand dollars only to suffer a potentially disastrous outrage? Engineers will long be discussing what happened, but the principle is clear: continuity of service is vital, and instability cannot be tolerated on systems so vital for public safety and convenience.

The Great Draft-Card Hubbub

There is widespread misunderstanding about the crime of burning a draft card, on the part of both those who condemn it and the minority who approve. The punishment seems excessive—and indeed it is—but five years in jail or a $10,000 fine or both are uniform penalties for all violations of Selective Service provisions, including refusal to report for induction, failing to register, failing to report a change of address, etc. Of course the full penalties are not always, or usually, invoked, but they are on the books for use when the government deems it appropriate.

A parallel case would develop if some John Doe became infuriated by the annual sacrifice on the highways of 40,000 or 50,000 lives. As a symbolic act of protest, he blocks traffic on, say, the Golden Gate Bridge and there, having alerted the television networks, he holds his driver's license aloft and in the glare of the floodlights burns it. Clearly he has committed several misdemeanors, and will commit another if he drives without the license in his pocket, but he did not commit a moral or legal wrong.

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In other words, the new statute against public incineration of draft cards is not aimed at a substantive evil. It is designed to discourage a form of unorthodox and hence publicity-generating protest. The act was signed by the President on August 31 after being rushed through the Congress with virtually no consideration. It was a pet project of L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.), Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee and one of the leading war hawks. With his usual elegance, Rivers refers to draft-card burners as scum, filth, etc.

Selective Service did not ask for the measure; nor has Selective Service anything to do with enforcement—that devolves on the Department of Justice. And the crucial factor in draft evasion is not the presence or absence of a card but the record of a name—or absence of that record—in the files of a local draft board. Registrants' names are a matter of public record and, according to Selective Service, local boards soon become aware of attempted evasion. For one thing, parents whose sons have been drafted often report youths who have failed to register.

The American Civil Liberties Union takes no stand on the merits or demerits of U.S. foreign policy, in Vietnam or elsewhere, but it is opposed to the draft-burning penalty on constitutional and other legal grounds. It is held to punish a political action, it serves no necessary or legitimate purpose, and it is an infringement of the right of free speech, which includes symbolic acts as well as verbal expression. The New York Civil Liberties Union is defending David J. Miller, the 22-year-old pacifist who burned his draft card in public on October 15, to insure that infractions of constitutional rights do not result from reaction against this form of protest.

The Negro on TV

In the Washington *Evening Star*, Walter Pincus has recently given accounts of an interesting pair of questions in the field of race relations: (1) Are Negroes entitled to protection against discrimination in broadcasting? (2) Should the Federal Communications Commission license radio and TV stations which propose to supply specialized service to Negroes? In at least one case the answer to the first question, though far from clear-cut, is in the affirmative. Up to about a year ago, a Jackson, Miss., station, WLBT-TV, was managed by a member of the local White Citizens Council on an openly segregationist basis. The station editorialized against integration, refused Negroes equal time on civil rights issues, programed on a lily-white pattern, and never used "courtesy titles" —Mr., Mrs. and Miss—in referring to Negroes.

Beginning in 1963, WLBT's electronic racism came under serious challenge. The Office of Communications of the United Church of Christ joined with Mississippi civil rights leaders to monitor the station's programs, and the record was filed with the FCC in support of a petition to deny renewal of the station's license. The FCC did renew, but only for one year, and with the provision that the station "comply strictly" with the fairness doctrine of handling civil rights issues and "immediately cease" discriminatory programing. The FCC refused to recognize the church's right to intervene, although the material presented had obviously played a part in the proceeding. The church has now gone to the U.S. Court of Appeals to have its standing in the controversy upheld and the license-renewal decision reversed.

Thus WLBT is sitting with a time bomb under its chair. A license of its type is estimated to be worth more than $2 million, and even the Murchison brothers, who are the beneficial owners, take a couple of millions seriously. The station retained the Washington firm of Arnold & Fortas. Paul Porter, a former FCC chairman, became involved in the case, and reportedly forced programing and personnel changes. The White Citizens man was succeeded by a new general manager, who has held meetings with Negro civil rights leaders, including Aaron Henry and Charles Evers. Some Negro entertainment and sports material is now broadcast, and a local Negro institution, Tougaloo College, is to be given a place on the station's "Know Your College" series. WLBT's license renewal comes up again next June, and the United Church is monitoring not only that station but 118 television and 900 radio stations in nine Southern states.

Specialized Negro TV has been proposed in Maryland and Illinois and promises to become a recurrent question in metropolitan centers with large Negro populations. Until recently, no new TV channels were available, VHF being fully allocated while UHF was nothing but a sure way to lose money. Now, however, with manufacture of all-channel receivers mandatory, the 70 UHF wave lengths are coming into demand. In Chicago, two groups are contending for the city's last unassigned UHF channel. One is the Chicago Federation of Labor and Industrial Union Council, which already operates a nonprofit radio station and seeks to expand into television. The other is Chicagoland TV, a company owned chiefly by two Negroes. If Chicagoland gets the license, it will run the station primarily to attract a Negro audience.

A number of foreign-language radio broadcasting stations are in operation, but this seems a dubious precedent for TV, where differentiation would be based on race, not language. Some Negro leaders favor Negro-oriented TV, but a majority appear to be opposed, on the ground that it would tend to perpetuate a feeling of separateness on the part of Negroes and other racial minorities. Another argument is that if the station wished to broadcast material in favor of integration, few whites would be in the audience and Negroes would be talking to Negroes, as leftists have talked mostly to leftists in the past. As for routine programing, there is no reason to believe that it would be ethically or culturally superior; Negro TV would be no less commercial than white TV. The argument that Negroes do not see enough of themselves on TV is perfectly valid, but the WLBT experience indicates that with a frowning

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FCC looking over their shoulders, station owners are susceptible to reason. The networks have taken some timid steps toward integrated broadcasting, and an acceleration of this trend is surely preferable to electronic segregation.

An Epidemic of the Heart

In the first weeks of November, we moved from burning our draft cards to making torches of conscience of our own bodies. These gestures deeply trouble many who share the hatred of the Vietnam war—and of all war—which motivates them. It is felt, of the first, that it may be interpreted as a statement of personal disaffiliation rather than as an act based on principle; and of the second, that the heartbreaking desperation of the deed may lend credence to those who pretend that opposition to Mr. Johnson's holocaust is evidence of fanaticism. The risk of estrangement is indeed implicit in these symbolic gestures, but they will have that effect primarily on those who see Vietnam as a political issue, or even as an issue of military power—matters, that is, on which responsible men may reasonably differ.

But it has become obvious in recent weeks (to all, that is, but the Administration spokesmen who have lifted the reedy cry of Communist infiltration against the opposition that now threatens to engulf them) that the resistance to the war against the people of Vietnam has shifted from logic and logistics to morality. In the moral context, symbols become relevant. Indeed, no Christian will deny the power of martyrdom; the great edifice of his church is built upon it.

It is probable that this shift in the generative power of the opposition foretells the end of Mr. Johnson's attempt to find peace through escalation. The new form of resistance is incalculably stronger, and for two reasons. In the first place, it cannot be confused and divided by argument over facts, to which the Administration can always claim superior access. Official rationalizations, seeking to prove that war is an instrument of peace, are powerless against a monolithic conviction that this war is wrong.

And in second place, a moral crusade does not grow by the slow arithmetic of logic but by the germs of conscience. They infect everyone — believer and atheist, rich and poor, scholar and artisan — in a sweeping epidemic of the heart. It is a central fact of the new situation that the clergymen of the country, who were in many cases moved to action by the nation-wide student protest, find that their outcry against the Vietnam slaughter gains them a congregation that is oblivious to sectarian lines. Priest, rabbi and minister are breaking what Dr. Howard Schomer, president of Chicago Theological Seminary, calls "the dialogue of the deaf."

The time of argument is over; strategy is no longer relevant. The Johnson Administration today is faced with a tide of moral indignation that swells with every passing hour. It will not be stopped by threats and bluster, and the President does not hold (nor do we believe he would use) the instruments of tyranny. The best minds in Congress have publicly parted from him, the teachers and clergy are his most vocal critics, youth is up in arms. Mr. Johnson may still count a statistical majority of support, but it is melting even as the polls he so reveres are rushed to his desk. The people are speaking now from their hearts.

THE GOP TODAY

Schism Within A Dilemma . . . . . Milton Viorst

John V. Lindsay notwithstanding, the elections of November 2 offered no compelling sign of a resurgent Republican Party. To be sure, voters in New York, Philadelphia and Cleveland expressed a strong sense of dissatisfaction by turning against the administrations in power. But they did so only within limits, and they were looking not so much for Republicans as for new faces.

Though New Yorkers elected Lindsay, they rejected his two running mates. They kept the City Council Democratic with a substantial 30-to-7 majority, and actually unseated an incumbent Lindsay supporter as borough president of the Bronx. It is even likely that they will fill the Congressional seat that Lindsay vacates with a Democrat. They demonstrated a preference for Mr. Lindsay himself, but no confidence in his party.

In Philadelphia, the voters slapped down another superannuated Democratic administration by electing Arlen Specter as district attorney. Specter, once a liberal Democrat, had the support of the ADA and other liberal political groups. He decided to run as a Republican when he failed to get his own party's nomination.

Cleveland came close to throwing out its Democratic mayor. Ralph S. Locher emerged a narrow minority winner with some 63 per cent of the vote against him, two anti-machine Democratic candidates having diverted 46 per cent of the anti-Locher vote. Fewer than 17 per cent voted for the Republican candidate. The returns indicated serious discontent with Locher but no particular fondness for Republicans.

The New York Times, which backed Lindsay, took the scattered Republican victories to mean: "The emergence of a new breed of Republican big-city winners, who play down their partisanship and play up their promise of civil uplift (for the independents) and civil rights (for the Negroes)." There were scarcely enough such winners to

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Milton Viorst is the author of Hostile Allies: FDR and De Gaulle *(Macmillan). His* The Decline and Fall of the Republican Party *will be published early in 1966 by Coward-McCann.*

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make up a fair sampling, but even assuming that the *Times* was right, do the Republican victories of 1965 have any significance for the national party? A political party, as Americans commonly understand it, cannot be satisfied with a handful of local offices but must aspire to power at the federal level. Do the victories mean that the Republicans have improved their competitive position in the nation?

National Chairman Ray Bliss and other Republicans, after surveying the wreckage of the Goldwater debacle, concluded some months ago that the party's most serious area of weakness was in the cities. Several columnists have already written that the 1965 elections show this weakness to be repaired and the Republican Party to be once again an urban competitor.

But Mr. Lindsay was not willing to gamble on that possibility. He accepted nomination from both the Republican and Liberal Parties. But as a campaigner, he abandoned the Republican label completely and ran as a nonpartisan "fusion" candidate. (Asked by a television interviewer whether he was in the "fusion" tradition of La Guardia, Lindsay replied: "Sure. There's Mollen, he's a Democrat and running with me for controller; there's Costello, he's a Liberal and running with me for council president; and there's me. I'm running for mayor.") He bypassed the Republican city machinery and went conspicuously, even rudely, out of his way to dissociate himself from the formal leadership. Senator Javits, New York's most successful Republican, supported Lindsay with great energy but not without misgivings. Javits, loyal to the party's organization if not to its doctrines, thought Lindsay overdid it. But the final vote proves that the Republican nomination alone would not have been enough. For a Protestant Republican, Lindsay ran well among Jews, Negroes, Italians and Puerto Ricans, but he received far from a majority. He polled 873,000 votes as the candidate of the Republican Party and 293,000 votes as the candidate of the Liberal Party. Lindsay won by 136,000 votes out of 2,500,000 cast, and the Liberal vote made the difference.

But an even more compelling reason than election statistics for questioning the urban potential of the Republican Party is the way in which Republicans in Washington have treated the cities. Lindsay, like any thoughtful city dweller, recognizes that the only possible escape from the dilemma of swelling problems and a shrinking tax base is through greater federal assistance. But one need not point to Barry Goldwater to show that the Republican Party—as distinguished from individual urban Republicans like Lindsay and Javits—is not the party to come to the rescue. Year after year, the Republicans in Congress have given convincing proof of their disregard for matters of the utmost importance to the cities.

The voting pattern of Republicans in Congress during the last session maintained that stance. In the key House vote on the housing and urban rehabilitation bill, 130 Republicans were recorded against, 4 in favor. The four were Lindsay, Halpern, Reid and Horton, all of New York. In the Senate, the Republican tally was 7 in favor, 19 against. The Republican vote in the House on the basic provision to establish a Department of Housing and Urban Development was 5 in favor, 122 against. House Republicans voted 35 in favor, 96 against federal aid to public schools. They voted 65 in favor, 73 against medicare. They voted 121 to 19 to place extra restrictions on the immigration reform bill. Such a record suggests that the cities would be signing their own death warrants if they voted Republicans into national office. It is unlikely that the cities will be unaware of this and walk heedlessly into that disaster.

Wayne Dumont, rather than Lindsay, might very well be looked at as the big lesson of the 1965 election, though it is a very shabby lesson indeed. Dumont, a conventional Republican who has long aspired to the governorship of New Jersey, found no better campaign issue in a state beset with problems of growth and change than an indiscreet statement by Eugene Genovese, a then obscure Rutgers professor, about the war in Vietnam. [See Genovese: *The Political Economy of Slavery*, reviewed by Aileen S. Kraditor, p. 390.] Dumont and the New Jersey Republican Party, which until a decade ago dominated the state, showed themselves intellectually bankrupt. They made absolutely no effort to offer solutions to New Jersey's needs. By bringing in Richard Nixon they simply emphasized the void.

The electorate responded to the Dumont campaign by yawning the Republicans off the ballot. Governor Hughes, who has conducted a sound if unexciting administration, was overwhelmingly re-elected and into office with him came the first Democratic legislature in a half century. The Republicans were so badly beaten that their organizations were disrupted down to the county level. If the party is to come back at all, the recovery will take a massive effort and years of rebuilding. The inept Dumont seemed to prove that if the Republicans could come up with nothing better than right-wing demagogy they would have to pay a heavy price for it.

That lesson might have been salutary, but alas in Virginia the Republican experience was almost precisely the contrary, and only slightly less exasperating. A. Linwood Holton, a young attorney from Roanoke, made what had been advertised as the first serious Republican effort in a century to win the Statehouse. Like his Democratic opponent, Lieutenant Governor Mills E. Godwin, he bowed to the new voting power of Virginia Negroes and chose to conduct a decent and moderate campaign. The race issue was scarcely mentioned by either Republican or Democrat throughout the campaign. But Godwin, who has made an amazing transition in recent years from extreme racism to relative liberalism, had the support not only of Harry Byrd's old courthouse crowd but also of labor, liberal Democrats and most Negro groups. Holton, on the other hand, was punished for his moderation with a Conservative Party candidate, one William J. Story, running on his right. Story, an avowed segregationist and John Bircher, won heavily in southside Virginia, where the schools were once closed to avert integration. Godwin was the first Virginia Democrat in memory to receive less than a majority of the votes for governor, but Holton, thanks to Story, ran behind the lackluster Republicans of previous gubernatorial contests. If the lesson of the Dumont defeat was that Republicans could not win with extremists in the North, the lesson of the Holton defeat seemed to be that

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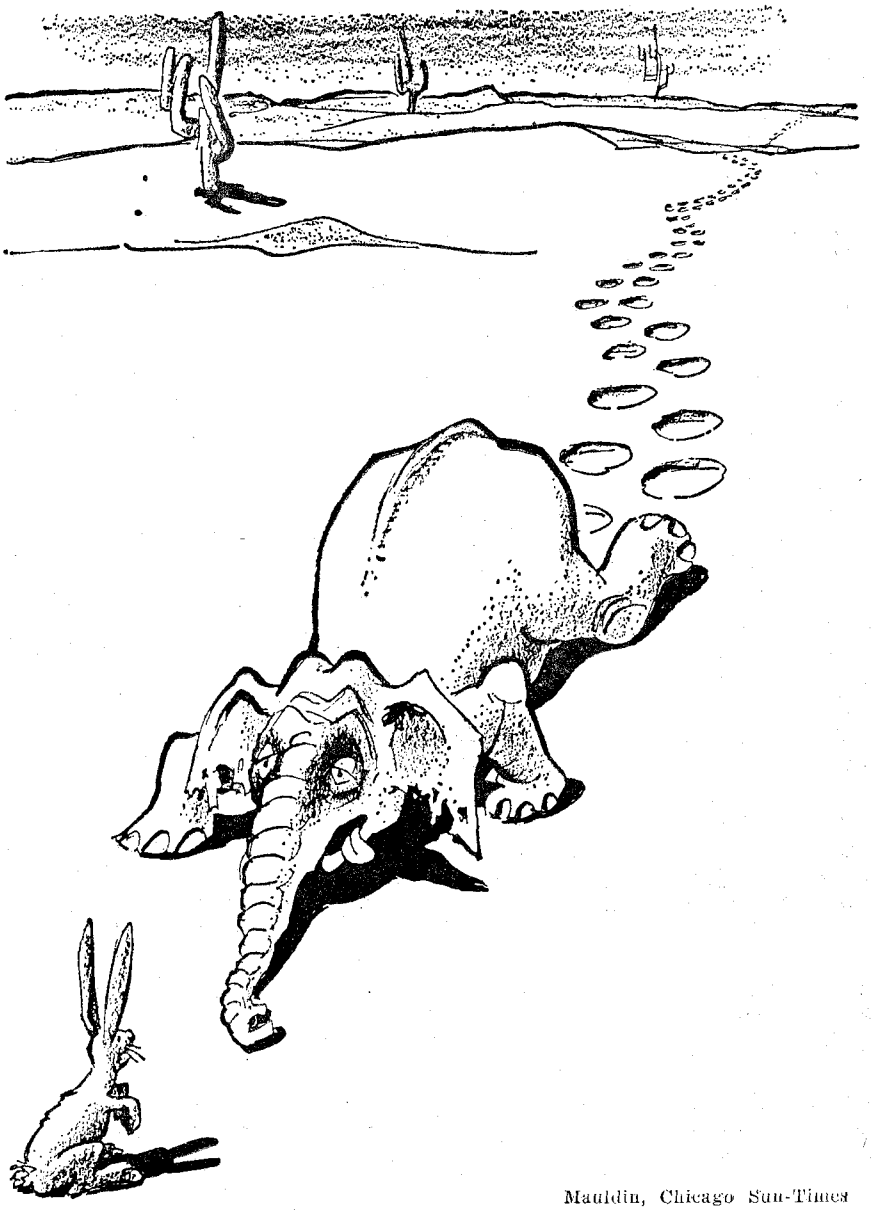
they could not win without them in the South.

Most Southern Republicans have been saying for years that the party's future in the South lies in extremism. In 1964, the only gains made by the party in the entire nation were made by right-wing Southern Republicans. Sen. Strom Thurmond, who defected to Goldwater last year, now controls the Republican Party in South Carolina. John Grenier, one of the young masterminds of the Goldwater nomination, runs the party in Alabama. It is no secret that since the 1964 election, the John Birch Society has, in many localities, virtually merged with the Republican Party. "Infiltrated," the favorite verb of Northern moderates who seem suddenly to have learned that the Birchers are dangerous, is scarcely appropriate. The John Birch Society has not *infiltrated* into positions of authority. It has, quite openly and quite painlessly, taken over lock, stock and barrel. The Birchers, like Southern Republicans generally, bear little resemblance to the crackers of the Ku Klux Klan, who remain faithful to the sputtering old Democratic machines. They are invariably middle class and college educated. They have, for all practical purposes, excluded any moderate influence from Republican councils. Whether the Republican posture will, in general, drive the Democrats to the left, as it has in Virginia, or further to the right, as it has in Alabama, remains to be shown. But extremist Republicans in the deep South will make a strong argument for themselves out of Holton's defeat.



Mauldin, Chicago Sun-Times

"Which Way to the Mainstream?"

The extremists, it must be admitted, can be very persuasive when they deride Republican moderates. With the possible exception of a few New Yorkers, the moderates have for years been barren of ideas and devoid of inspiration. They have offered neither vision nor blueprint, neither program nor policy, for a better America or a better world. One must, presumably, give them credit for shifting their response to Democratic proposals this year from an automatic "no" to a reflective "yes, but in smaller doses." Senator Dirksen, of all people, is now free to beat his chest and denounce Republican "Neanderthals." But Dumont joined the Neanderthal herd because he had nothing to say that Hughes couldn't say more convincingly. The moderates simply can't find good reasons why anyone should vote for them, unless it's to save the two-party system, and a party ought to contend for votes with something more arresting than a pitiful plea for its own preservation.

It was no coincidence that the moderates disintegrated last year before the Republican rightist onslaught. They knew they couldn't fight something with nothing. At best, their alternative to extremism was a pallid version of the Democratic presentation. If he said nothing else that made sense during the entire campaign, Goldwater was right that he offered the electorate "a choice, not an echo." And his followers made a good case for going South, rather than left, in quest of votes. Since Republicans can't out-Robin Hood the Democrats, they might as well offer the reverse. Southern whites were obviously receptive, and in politics one makes alliances where one has a chance to win.

The extremists, whatever else one may say about them, believe in something. They'll fight any time against anybody in behalf of their cause. They'll even take on Karl Mundt, the second or third worst reactionary in the Senate, to show their devotion to their principles. And like Buckley in New York and Story in Virginia, they'll feel sufficiently redeemed, no matter how badly beaten, for having accepted the challenge.

The fight inside the party rages more furiously than ever. In the

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summer of 1964, the country was treated to a lot of fantasy about how Goldwater would defeat Johnson. It is interesting to note that Republicans have stopped talking about beating Democrats. Now they talk only about defeating one another. Dirksen and Ford, former stalking-horses for reaction, demand that the Birchers get out of the party. Sen. Thruston Morton, the Kentucky barometer, recently said the Birch Society was "as dangerous as the Ku Klux Klan and the Communist Party." But fair Ronnie Reagan marches onward to the gubernatorial nomination in California, which the moderate Senator Kuchel doesn't want, and Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly, defender of Birchers and writer of Goldwater diatribes, advances toward the presidency of the powerful National Federation of Republican Women. Extremists of the Right are as busy as ever acquiring control of party machinery or consolidating what control they have. The prospect of another Goldwater debacle seems to whet their appetites. Meanwhile, the moderates look on impotently.

But what of Lindsay, the hero of 1965? Can he reverse this course? Even before his victory, the handicappers talked of him as a Republican Presidential possibility. He has, of course, the personality and a winning record as a candidate. But he has obstacles. Two New York Republicans, Rockefeller and Javits, are standing in line ahead of him and it will take some fancy footwork to pass them. He has the even tougher job of deriving any credit from managing the chaotic affairs of New York City. With what was probably the largest, most skilled, best prepared and highest paid campaign staff for any local election in history, Lindsay failed to come up with any stunning ideas for restoring civilization to New York. He made a lot of promises, however, and he'll have to make good on most of them before he can climb another step on the political ladder.

But Lindsay's most difficult obstacle to winning the Presidency is getting the Republican nomination. Though more curious things have happened in politics, it staggers the mind to imagine that the party which chose Goldwater would choose Lindsay. The Republicans would not nominate Rockefeller, who could have paid his own way and who in 1960 would probably have won. They would sooner nominate Javits, who is liberal and Jewish but has at least never denied his Republican allegiance. Throughout its history the Republican Party has not been good to its mavericks of the left. It made a pariah out of La Guardia, the last reform mayor of New York and a better politician than Lindsay. Walter Lippmann, looking desperately for signs that the party has mended its ways, insists that Lindsay is "in the main line of Republicanism as it comes down from Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt," but he fails to mention that the party finally estranged them both. Senator Dirksen has declared, quite indignantly, that the John Birch Society "smacks of the old Know-Nothing Party" and he is quite right. But he does not go on to say that the old Know-Nothing Party lost its identity by merging into the Republican Party, where it created a tradition more enduring than that of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt.

It is not at all impossible that the American people would elect Lindsay President; what does seem impossible now is that they should ever get a chance to vote for him. More dismaying still, the Republican Party shows no sign of emerging from its internecine gouging with an alternative instrument of salvation.

TURKEY

The Discovery of Politics . . . .

Constantine Poulos

Istanbul

Superficially, the recent Turkish elections suggest that Turkey's peasants and villagers still prefer an Islamic theocracy to a Western-style secular democracy. A deeper look uncovers the paradox inherent in modern Turkish political affairs, and its potential effect on NATO's eastern flank.

The Justice Party, which won an unexpectedly overwhelming vote and a decisive majority of seats in the Turkish parliament, is the party of the financial interests, big business and most of the big landowners. Its basic electoral support came, however, from the rural proletariat. The Justice Party is the overt and direct heir to Mr. Adnan Menderes' Democratic Party, which was outlawed after the military *coup d'état* of 1960. Mr. Menderes and other leaders of the party (and government) were executed for having "violated the constitution" by suppressing the opposition, misusing power and changing the electoral laws to perpetuate their rule.

Second in the elections was the Republican People's Party, led by aging former Premier Ismet Inonu, who with Kemal Ataturk—founder of the Turkish Republic — established the party forty-two years ago. Of the six other minor parties represented in the election, the newly formed Turkish Workers' Party — the first Marxist-oriented political grouping permitted to exist in Turkey since 1925—contributed significantly to the pre-election debate. The electoral struggle, however, was a duel between the two major parties.

The Republican People's Party, conducting a pedestrian campaign, relied as it has for almost two decades on the mantle of Ataturk to carry it through. Not even "mildly progressive," the party lost its nationalistic revolutionary fervor many years ago, and when Mr. Inonu announced last summer that the ideology of the party would henceforth veer "left of center" he was not persuasive. His party's essentially bourgeois support, based on the army officer corps (35,000 on the active list), the state bureaucracy, small industrialists and businessmen, and a few big landowners, seemed to rule out any possibility of a dynamic, imaginative program. The People's Party

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ended up with fifty less deputies than it had had in the previous parliament, trailing the Justice Party by more than 100 seats.

The victorious Justice Party, offspring of the self-destructive Democratic Party, effectively exploited the ghost and "martyrdom" of Mr. Menderes. It played stridently on the resentment still lingering over Menderes' execution. His eldest son was placed on the Justice Party ticket, as were the son, a daughter and a widow of other ousted Democratic Party leaders. The party adopted as its symbol a white-gray horse, a device that takes punning advantage of legend. For the Anatolian peasant, an iron-gray horse is *demirkirat*, as close as they can approximate the now Western word, "democrat"; and a horse of this particular shade has Robin Hoodish associations in the rural folklore. By using the horse symbol, the leaders of the Justice Party cleverly by-passed the law forbidding any reference to Mr. Menderes' ill-fated party.

The Justice Party also made good and plentiful use of smear tactics. It freely stigmatized both Mr. Inonu's People's Party and the new Workers' Party as "Communist." It distributed throughout Turkey hundreds of thousands of photographs showing Mr. Inonu kissing Mrs. Andrei Gromyko's hand at a diplomatic reception in Ankara. For the huge illiterate masses of Anatolia "communism" is anathema because it means "Russia," the historical enemy of Turkey. Added to that is the ingrained belief that "Russia" and "Communist" mean abolition of private property, confiscation of livestock, religious persecution by the godless (shades of Ataturk), free love and "other shocking practices."

The major significance of the election is that the campaign did, however, evolve into a discussion of economic and social issues rather than wrangle over personalities and purely political debating points as in the past. Credit for this must go largely to the Workers' Party. Its platform, drawn up by intellectuals, called for nationalization of all major industries, although it pledged to leave room for a degree of private enterprise for "some time to come." It advocated drastic land reform and rapid industrialization supported mainly by state capital. It also suggested nationalization of foreign trade and banking. It favored Turkey's withdrawal from NATO and the improvement of the country's relations with the Soviet bloc and the nonaligned nations.

Although naive, in some ways unserious and deliberately overdrawn, this appeal to the Turkish masses to overthrow the feudal landlords, usurers, officials and professional politicians who have exploited them for centuries marked a hesitant step toward a better, though still far distant, future. The Workers' Party forced public discussion of such issues as foreign oil exploration (and exploitation), the need for serious land reform, the currently soaring cost of living and foreign policy. Its leaders know that they still have to show that they can arouse the sullen, slumbering masses of Anatolia, but they plan to continue their efforts — with the building of a nation-wide organization—to bring Turkey into the 20th century before the century ends.

The emergence of a Left movement in Turkey was inevitable. By his remarkable "revolution in stages" Ataturk intended in the first place to solidify his control of the minuscule, educated upper class in order to insure its support of his drastic Westernization policies and to put off to a later period— "eventually" — effective improvement of the lot or status of the submerged, illiterate masses.

In fact, Ataturk died before the first stage was completed, and his successors have barely paid lip service to the second. Turkey's two largest parties, different sides of the same coin, are both controlled by vested interests. Consequently there has been little evidence of a genuine intent to develop far-reaching, long-range programs of economic and social innovation.

The educated minority is small and the great majority is virtually illiterate. Having won so handily on a program of traditionalism (taking full advantage of the education gap), the Justice Party cannot move easily toward progressive modernity. And having been backed so lavishly by the landowners, the financial, industrial and business interests, it cannot (even if it wanted) turn against them.

Thus it is the election campaign itself, rather than the results, that suggests the beginning of a change in the thinking of Turkey's educated elite. There was, after almost four decades, a debate between Left and Right. In arguing about land reform, private versus state enterprise, welfare problems, foreign investment and oil policies, the voice of the Left has once more been heard in the land. Unless it is again suppressed, it will continue to gain intellectual, middle-class and professional support. It will begin to be taken up by the workers. But all this is a portent of things to come; Turkey today is far from the distinct polarization between Left and Right that prevails in most developing countries and is implicit in many modern industrial societies. Only time will tell how many Turkish leftists — frustrated by the glacial pace of worker-peasant response to their

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appeals—will retain the pledge to democracy which they now profess; how many will secretly swing toward revolution.

The landslide victory of the Justice Party does not, however, necessarily augur a period of stability, as believed by some wishful-thinking American officials who are too easily satisfied by the party's seeming close adherence to U.S. touchstones: NATO, CENTO, anti-radicalism, the defense and further encouragement of foreign (American) investment. Unrest, though largely inarticulate, is widespread, and eventual upheaval is not out of the question. For the present, the vested interests have been able to turn the people's attention away from the lack of economic and social progress to focus on the "injustice" done to Turkey by the Western powers, and particularly the United States, in the Cyprus affair.

This deliberately fomented anti-Americanism (originally instigated by the two major parties) was brought to the surface by the Workers' Party during the election campaign. But that party hardly deserves blame for the unpretty, wholesale anti-U.S. bias now prevalent in Turkey. Cyprus would not have been a "national issue" had not Turkish officialdom (and the vested interests) wanted it to be—for the usual and obvious reasons. But having fanned the flames without considering the consequences, they then had to place the blame on a handy scapegoat—the United States (as did the governments of Greece).

The self-induced Turkish "emotional disillusionment over Cyprus" has been exacerbated further by unscrupulous Levantine designation—even by secularists—of American companies operating in Turkey as "the big *Christian* firms." Finally, this overused "emotional disillusionment" is the excuse for making advances to the Soviet Union. But surely, Turkey will not kick $4.5 billion of U.S. aid in the teeth; the new Justice Party government is not at all likely to snap any of the nation's Western commitments. It is historically understandable that Turkey should start looking in other directions, but unofficially basing its current *rapprochement* with Russia on "emotional disillusionment" with the United States over a piecayune and manufactured "issue" is more or less blackmail.

Nonetheless, Turkey is now cautiously feeling out paths similar to those taken by its southern neighbor Iran, and by Pakistan. This amounts to experimenting with a semblance of the currently fashionable coexistence trend, winning greater "independence" from the West, and getting on more familiar terms with the Afro-Asian world. (Turkey has managed to be recognized as both a European and an Asian country, a convenience that the USSR, with considerably more territory on both continents, is having trouble achieving.) Here too, the NATO-CENTO era is gradually coming to an end. A policy of rigid pro-Westernism, combined with unflagging allegiance to our anti-Communist cause, can no longer be expected of our allies.

As Harvey Goldberg wrote in *The Nation* (July 6, 1963) ". . . recent events [in Greece, Turkey and Iran] rather clearly imply that the American decisions of 1946-47 and the alliances which crystallized them resulted in a 'holding operation' rather than a definitive political settlement." That Turkey is now in the process of making still another crack in the pro-Western alliance is not surprising.

It is unlikely that we could have advanced the positive internal development of Turkey during the past seventeen years of U.S. aid. Given our primary goal of containing communism and our own interpretation of that goal, we had little choice but to work through repressive governments and their selfish supporters. Nevertheless, having "contained" the Soviet Union and communism for seventeen years, we now find the government of Turkey only shakily and warily behind us, and the people of Turkey hating us and blaming us for all their woes, real and imaginary.

Savage Discovery: The Moynihan Report

William Ryan

The Labor Department publication, *The Negro Family* (usually called "The Moynihan Report" in reference to its presumed chief author), has had an enormous impact on public discussion about the Negro in America. It contains frightening statistics about broken Negro families, illegitimate Negro children and Negro welfare recipients, and these have been seized on by journalists who proclaim in loud voices what the Moynihan Report states very quietly: Negro family instability is a basic cause of the Negro inequality and "pathology" that are reflected in unemployment statistics, census data and the results of sociological research.

In view of this influence, it is important to make public the serious shortcomings of the report that a careful analysis uncovers. Briefly, it draws dangerously inexact conclusions from weak and insufficient data; encourages (no doubt unintentionally) a new form of subtle racism that might be termed "Savage Discovery," and seduces the reader into believing that it is not racism and discrimination but the weaknesses and defects of the Negro himself that account for the present status of inequality between Negro and white. The document can be criticized on three levels: first, the methodological weaknesses; second, the manifest misstatements; and, finally, the naive error of interpreting statistical relationships in cause-and-effect terms; that is, of stating that, since A is associated with B, it follows that A causes B.

Among the methodological weaknesses is the use of such material as census data without apparent

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awareness either of its deficiencies or, more important, of the existence of other well-known or well-estimated data within whose context this material must be considered. The outstanding example of this failure is a highly sophomoric treatment of illegitimacy.

Illegitimacy looms large in the Moynihan Report, in the text and in the illustrations. Only 4 per cent of the relatively dull tables but fully 22 per cent of the large and dramatic charts and graphs concern illegitimacy, which shines through the report as the prime index of "family breakdown." This is one of the main beams in the hypothetical structure being put together. In an oversimplified way, the implicit hypothesis goes like this: the values of Negro culture (produced by centuries of slavery and mistreatment, to be sure) are such that there is little commitment to the main components of family organization — legitimacy, material stability, etc. The implicit point is that Negroes tolerate promiscuity, illegitimacy, one-parent families, welfare dependency, and everything else that is supposed to follow.

The authors of *The Negro Family* take at face value Census Bureau statistics that record illegitimacy rates for whites at about 3 per cent, for Negroes at about 22 per cent. More careful consideration, *in the context of other well-known facts*, would reveal not so much a careless acceptance by Negroes of promiscuity and illegitimacy, as a systematic inequality of access to a variety of services and information.

If we do not attribute the 7-to-1 difference in illegitimacy rates to Negro family instability as a subcultural trait, what does account for these differences? Here, very briefly, are a few pieces of additional data:

Reporting. Illegitimate births are significantly underreported, and are more underreported for whites than for nonwhites. This is true, first, because reporting is dependent upon discriminatory white sources. Second, white illegitimate births occur more often in private hospitals, are attended by sympathetic—and white—doctors, and involve the cooperation of social agencies, all of which work consciously to help the white unmarried mother conceal the fact of illegitimacy.

Shotgun marriages. A large portion of first-born children are conceived "illegitimately," with the parents marrying before the child's birth. Such marriages are less frequent among Negroes because of the man's financial insecurity.

Abortion. It is estimated that more than 1 million illegal and unreported induced abortions are performed each year. Authorities agree that one-fourth to one-half of these are performed for unmarried women, and that the overwhelming majority of abortion patients are white. Abortions alone account for most of the differences in the census illegitimacy figures.

An attempt to calculate the "illegitimate conception" rates — an awkward but interesting term — would probably show that for whites it would be 12-15 per cent, for Negroes 25-30 per cent. The differences are clearly not so striking: the ratio drops from 7 to 1 to 2 to 1.

Contraception. Access to contraceptive information and services is also unequally distributed in favor of whites. The extent of inequality is not known, but if the differential were as low as 2 to 1 in favor of whites, we would be able to conclude that "illegitimate intercourse" —if we may push the terminology this far—is about the same among Negroes and whites.

In any case, it is not necessary to introduce a complex and highly speculative hypothesis about the malformation of the Negro family by slavery and post-Reconstruction semi-slavery—that is, the sins of our grandfathers. The facts are more easily explained as the results of straightforward discrimination—that is, the sins of ourselves and our contemporaries.

Aid for Dependent Children and Adoption. When they wring their hands about Negro family life, the journalists who have seized on the Moynihan Report are most fascinated with illegitimacy, but their next favorite is its presumed consequence: the number of Negro mothers receiving AFDC support. How, we may ask, does a Negro mother with an illegitimate child "get on" AFDC? First, of course, she must decide to keep the child; how does she make this decision? The answer is remarkably simple: she is rarely called on to make the choice. The services of adoption agencies and maternity homes are mostly for white mothers, who account for about 90 per cent of agency adoptions of illegitimate children, and probably an even higher proportion of independent adoptions. Again to oversimplify: white illegitimate babies get adopted, their Negro counterparts "go on" AFDC. And again we are faced with *contemporary* discrimination — our sins, not the sins of our grandparents.

To summarize, the reported rates of illegitimacy among Negroes and whites tell us nothing at all about differences in family structure, historical forces, instability, or anything else about which the authors speculate. From the known data, we can conclude only that Negro and white girls probably engage in premarital intercourse in about the same proportions, but that the white girl more often takes Enovid or uses a diaphragm; if she gets pregnant, she more often obtains an abortion; if she has the baby, first she is more often able to conceal it and, second, she has an infinitely greater opportunity to give it up for adoption.

The treatment of illegitimacy data in the Moynihan Report is one example of inexpert methodology. A more general defect is the subtly irrational presentation of correlational data to imply a cause-and-effect relationship. The method of argument is, first, to present data about "family breakdown" among Negroes — separation, illegitimacy, broken homes, female household heads, etc.—and then to juxtapose statistics about the "tangle of pathology" among Negroes. In the manner of a propaganda document, the report allows the reader to make the cause-and-effect connection on the basis of his own prejudice. Little or no actual cause-and-effect data is presented.

Of the total of 125 different blocks of information presented—forty-seven tables, eighteen charts and sixty pieces of data in the text—*more than 80 per cent* is purely descriptive, retailing stale and well-known sociological facts. Only nine pieces of information (a scant 7 per cent of the total) relate to the conclusions drawn by the authors. Of these nine, six are reports of studies showing a relationship between broken homes and delinquency, and one is drawn from the 1960 census to show that children with both parents present in the home are—not unsurprisingly—less likely to drop out of school. The final two pieces of evidence show that the tested IQs of children with fathers in the home are higher than those without fathers in the home.

This is the sum total of evidence from which the authors draw such sweeping conclusions as:

At the heart of the deterioration of the fabric of Negro society is

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Laura Knight, A.R.A.

the deterioration of the Negro family. It is the fundamental source of weakness of the Negro community at the present time.

Unless this damage [the deterioration of the Negro family] *is repaired, all the effort to end discrimination and poverty and injustice will come to little.*

Three centuries of injustice have brought about deep-seated structural distortions in the life of the Negro American. . . . The cycle can be broken only if these distortions are set right. In a word, a national effort toward the problems of Negro Americans must be directed toward the question of family structure.

Confronted with such enormous conclusions based on such tiny scraps of evidence, an uncharitable response would be "irresponsible nonsense!"; the most charitable possible verdict would be "not proved."

Of the other thirteen pieces of data in which evidence of relationships is presented, two are somewhat tangential, showing that poor people have larger families than rich people, a fact that has not heretofore been very well concealed. The other eleven show relationships between: unemployment and broken families, unemployment and illegitimacy, income level and illegitimacy, and unemployment and public assistance under the AFDC program. These, too, are well-known relationships and anyone with a tolerable command of social statistics could add a whole set of additional correlations: unemployment and infant mortality; income level and dilapidated housing; broken families and number of tuberculosis cases, etc., etc. What these cool correlations mean, when translated from census data to the lives of human beings, is that poor people tend to live in slums, to be oppressed and exploited and mistreated, and to experience enormous amounts of social, economic, mental and physical suffering as a result. A disproportionate share of the poor are Negro and they experience a vastly disproportionate share of this suffering. It would be far more reasonable to conclude not that "family instability" leads to a "tangle of pathology" but that poor Negro families—that is, half of all Negro families—are bitterly discriminated against and exploited, with the result that the individual, the family and the community are all deeply injured.

It is not possible to comment on this smug document without pointing out a few errors of fact. The first—"conditions in Harlem are not worse, they are probably better than in most Negro ghettos"—is followed, predictably, by data about high illegitimacy rates in Harlem to suggest apparently that even in Harlem, the very paradise of ghettos, the Negro family is falling apart.

Another stupefying statement in the report is: "It is probable that, at present, a majority of the crimes against the person, such as rape, murder, and aggravated assault, are committed by Negroes." To support this statement the authors quote *arrest* and *conviction* rates, which are notoriously different from rates of crimes committed. It is well known that Negroes—guilty and innocent alike—are more readily arrested, and convicted, than whites. To conclude from the data offered that Negroes commit the majority of significant crimes is an inept piece of interpretation.

Another fantastic error deserves to be quoted: "The white family has achieved a high degree of stability and is maintaining that stability. By contrast, the family structure of lower class Negroes . . . is approaching complete breakdown." Such a statement reflects a double standard: if we were to use the authors' indices of family stability, principally divorce and illegitimacy, we should have to say that both white and Negro families—American families in general — are "crumbling." White divorce rates have zoomed almost 800 per cent in less than 100 years and white illegitimacy has increased more than 50 per cent in the last twenty-five years — a rate of increase greater than that of Negroes.

What we are confronted with, in fact, is another example of the authors' ineptness—the careless tying together of such vague concepts as "family stability" with a few specific measures of family composition. No sophisticated social scientist would rest a broad concept on such crude and simplistic measures. That the family is an extremely complex institution is al-

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most too well known to require restatement. Its structure and function vary in subtle ways, over time, and from one culture to another. If we were to adopt *The Negro Family's* narrow and wholly inadequate framework for evaluating family stability, we could raise an equally sensational storm about the urban family falling apart when compared with the farm family; or the modern family when compared with the family of our grandfathers' day. Which may suggest why it is unwise to take a few pieces of census data and draw forth portentous conclusions about "the fabric of society" and "family structure" and "structural distortions in the life of the Negro American." It takes more than a desk calculator to make such judgments.

Evidence of improvements in American race relations is to be found all the way from Birmingham lunch counters to national television commercials. As yet, however, the change has had little impact on the life of the average American Negro. He remains badly housed, badly educated, underemployed and underpaid. The terms of the discourse change, but the inequality persists; and we spend more time in explaining this inequality than in doing something about it.

The explanations almost always focus on supposed defects of the Negro victim as if *those*—and not the racist structure of American society—were the cause of all woes that Negroes suffer. The Moynihan Report, following this line of thinking, singles out the "unstable Negro family" as the cause of Negro inequality. But the statistics, as has been suggested, reflect current effects of contemporaneous discrimination. They are results, not causes.

The new ideology, accepted now even by some liberals, would make it seem that unemployment, poor education and slum conditions result from family breakdown, "cultural deprivation," and lack of "acculturation" of Southern rural migrants.

To sustain this ideology, it is necessary to engage in the popular new sport of Savage Discovery and, to fit the theory, savages are being discovered in great profusion in the Northern ghetto. The all-time favorite "savage" is the promiscuous mother who produces a litter of illegitimate brats in order to profit from AFDC. Other triumphs of savage discovery are the child who cannot read because, it is said, his parents never talk to him, and the "untenantable" Negro family (apparently a neologism for "unbearble") that is reputed to throw garbage out the window.

If we are to believe the new ideologues, we must conclude that segregation and discrimination are not the terrible villains we thought they were. Rather, we are told the Negro's condition is due to his "pathology," his values, the way he lives, the kind of family life he leads. The major qualification—the bow to egalitarianism—is that these conditions are said to grow out of the Negro's history of being enslaved and oppressed—*generations ago.*

It is all an ingenious way of "copping a plea." As the murderer pleads guilty to manslaughter to avoid a conviction that might lead to his being electrocuted, liberal America today is pleading guilty to the savagery and oppression against the Negro that happened 100 years ago, in order to escape trial for the crimes of today.

The theme is: "The Negro was not initially born inferior, he has been made inferior by generations of harsh treatment." Thus we continue to assert that the Negro is inferior, while chastely maintaining that all men are equal. It is all rather painful, as well as fallacious. For the fact is that the Negro child learns less not because his mother doesn't subscribe to *The Reader's Digest* and doesn't give him colored crayons for his third birthday, but because he is miseducated in segregated slum schools.

The Negro is more often unemployed because he is last hired and first fired—not because his mother preferred a succession of temporary lovers to a permanent husband. Whenever we move toward full employment, the Negro is employed, usually, of course, at the bottom of the status ladder. When workers are needed badly enough, the supposed lack of skills of the Negro suddenly becomes less inhibiting. This was shown during the war, when it was more important to have someone operating the lathe, even if Negro, than it was to preserve the myth of Negro inability.

And the squalor of the Negro family's home in the Northern slum requires no farfetched explanations about Southern rural background. In the first place, most of these families are not recently from the South and few are rural. In the second place, the condition of the housing is more easily explained by the neglect of slum landlords, and the crowding caused by the criminal shortage of decent low-income housing.

It is tempting, when faced with a complex problem, to wallow in the very chaos of complexity rather than to begin the task of unraveling and analyzing and, ultimately, of acting. It is obviously true that the Negro suffers from a never-ending cycle of oppression not only from generation to generation but, in the case of many individuals, from medically uncared-for birth to premature death. Each condition has its labyrinth of causation, and we soon discover that the Negro family of six in the three-room apartment has been placed there not only by the greedy slumlord and the barbarous realtor but also and equally by the venal housing inspector, and even by the noble woman leagued with her sisters in voting for a "progressive" zoning ordinance in her trim suburban town.

But to move from the recognition of infernal complexity to the refuge of damnably inaccurate simplicity is surely heresy. Much has to be done. All of it is difficult, tangled and anxious-making. Still it must be done; there's no escape in the world of sociological fakery.

Time after time, the Negro has had to deny in action the myths and lies that have been constructed to soothe the conscience of his oppressor. He had to deny his supposed docility, first by hopeless revolts against his slave-master, and then by fighting in blue uniforms by the hundreds of thousands; his lack of interest in education by almost magically expanding the few dollars he could lay hands on to send his sons through high school and his granddaughters to graduate school. He had to deny the myth of apathy both by the organized brilliance of a Woodlawn organization in Chicago and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in Mississippi, and by the unorganized bursts of blind energy that we called riots in Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Harlem and Rochester.

If we persist in creating a new

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set of myths to justify the *status quo*, calling on the sociologists and their friends to give us the ammunition of "family disorganization" and "cultural deprivation," the Negro will doubtless destroy these too. But when we've started to move toward ending the myths that have bound us so long, to end the racism that has truly caused a "breakdown" in our community and our nation, why turn back?

Obviously, if we stop discriminating tomorrow, great damage will remain—damage ranging from miseducation that is at best partly reversible, to hatred and bitterness that may be unalterable. This damage calls for correction and compensation. But we must be clear what we mean by "compensatory programs" and we must face directly what we are compensating for. Compensation *should* mean that we give back what we took away. For the millions of grown and half-grown Negro Americans who have already been damaged, we must make up for the injury that we did to them. This is what we must compensate for; not for some supposed inherent or acquired inferiority or weakness or instability of the victim whom we injured.

What, then, is to be done? The young Negro man who dropped out of school or, worse, graduated from high school with a seventh-grade education, represents a specific example of damage done—in *his* lifetime, in *our* lifetime. The damage must be corrected to the greatest extent possible, by re-education, by training, by any means that become necessary. If a result of the demoralizing experience of growing up Negro is that a man does not in fact have the skills to obtain available work, he cannot be written off and relegated to a life of welfare subsistence. And it is almost as cruel to go through the motions of furnishing him irrelevant skills for imaginary jobs.

But the first order of business remains, now and in the near future, to bring a real end to real discrimination and segregation. These are the major causes of the conditions which the Moynihan Report so easily labels "family instability" and the "tangle of pathology." We must not forget to end discrimination or all our good works will amount to very little.

Conviction or Convenience

The Trap of the Great Society

Richard F. Hamilton

What will the Great Society look like? What are its likely characteristics? What, to quote President Johnson, who in turn was quoting Paul Goodman, will be the quality of life? Domestically, the two major aims of the Great Society are the end of want and the end to formal and informal inequalities of opportunity. It is striving for the realization of liberal goals, not just, as in the past, to make *ad hoc* responses to the more grievous problems as they arose. In this respect, the Great Society would break with most of the previous history of the world, a history in which want and inequality have been the dominant events.

There are no technical impediments to successful accomplishment of this resolve. Some West European countries have, in fact, already done away with poverty and slums. Want could be eliminated from this country right now with transfer payments of roughly $10 billion. A more adequate solution, one reducing the need for such payments by going to the roots of the poverty problem, is possible within a relatively short period.

But though the technical means for achieving the Great Society are available, the context in which any change will occur is one which may make success very difficult. The fact that both goals—the end of want and of unequal opportunity—are high on the scale of values of most Americans (or, at least, are central to their interests) means that the party in charge of this transformation will have an overwhelming edge over any opposition. Where that opposition, as with the Republicans, is a minority to begin with and split into factions, one of which is obtuse, shortsighted and intransigent, the advantage will be that much more decisive.

The opposition is in a hopeless plight. The conservative Republicans cannot win under any circumstances. On the other hand, a Republican program that presented a serious challenge to the Great Society party would permanently alienate the obtuse intransigents, whereas a compromise agreeable to both factions would never attract a majority of the electorate. Thus split, the moderate Republicans would begin the campaign with only about one-fourth of the electorate behind them. It would take an extraordinary set of conditions to convert a second fourth of the electorate needed for an electoral victory.

Even demography works against the Republicans—Democrats have larger families, and nowadays they live almost as long as Republicans. Previous nonvoters who enter the electorate come in for the most part through the Democratic door.

Up to the summer of 1964, the elites (outside the South) gave solid support to the Republicans. In the fall of that year the monolithic character of this bloc collapsed. The full implications of traditional Republicanism became clear only when it had a candidate of "its" choice. The response was defection or silence. This meant more than just the votes or support of a few thousand wealthy men, their wives and retainers. It meant that many of the newspapers and magazines at their disposal also defected or were silent. The instrumentality which over the years sustained perhaps one-quarter of the total Republican vote was also lost to them. The integration of elite Republicans into the Democratic ranks or, more precisely, into the ranks of elite Democrats, has not received sufficient comment. From 1961 until

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just recently, for example, the three top posts in the government after the President were held by Republicans — Treasury by Dillon, Defense by McNamara, and CIA liaison by Bundy. The newly integrated Republicans attend to finance, defense and foreign affairs for the Great Society party, leaving domestic welfare as the exclusive province of the Democrats.

In the legislative field the sheer size of the Democratic electorate, together with the end of malapportionment, means a "corrected" minority status for the Republicans in the Congress. In Senate and House they are fragmented and, for the first time in many years, hopelessly outmaneuvered. Here too the opposition is being converted, with Senator Dirksen "coming around" in much the same way that Johnson did under Eisenhower. The Democratic legislative ranks are now making some first moves in the direction of a "disciplined" party on the European parliamentary model. It is unlikely that the dissident Democrats from the South will be able to withstand the impact of the "other half" of the Southern electorate, who will now be voting for the first time; these Whig remnants must either convert to Great Society politics or go under.

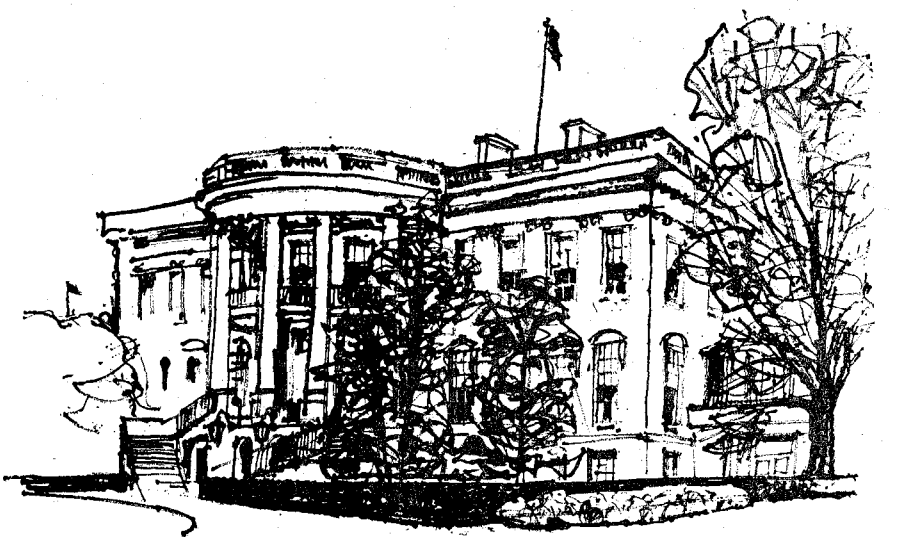
All these developments—the liberal preferences of the electorate, the breakup of the elite monolith, the conversion of the overtly political mass media, and the merger on the elite level—mean that American politics is coming to be dominated by one huge centrist party. This withering away of serious political opposition, this depluralization of public life, poses the fundamental problem for the Great Society.

At one time, the "me tooism" of the Republican Party steadily pushed the Democrats in a more liberal direction. With every claim of "yes, we now agree, only we can administer it better," the Democrats were led to "differentiate their product" and make a move which the Republicans could not follow. This is not to say that the Republicans were the only force working to change the Democrats; important "encouragement" over the years came also from pressure groups, protest movements and third parties. From 1932 on, however, the Republicans never seriously competed by creating a new, more attractive, offering. They never outflanked and moved ahead of their opposition; they always followed. In their campaigns, they sternly avoided domestic liberal concerns, favoring rather not too easily assessible charges about the conduct of foreign policy and the issue of how many Communists there were in the State Department. As far as their domestic program was concerned, they were an unpresentable party. Their only national success in the last thirty years came by running a bland popular hero who could pose as all things to all people—a point which supports the present argument since people *thought* their liberal wants would be attended.

Democrats, in the meantime, have worked out a very satisfactory arrangement. No longer seriously troubled by a Republican threat, they are currently being prodded by the civil rights explosion, by the threat on the Left. Their response has been a series of spectacular legislative moves which will, no doubt, undercut the entire movement. Like Bryan borrowing from the Populists, the Democrats are now repeating a classic maneuver; they are stealing the issues.

In an affluent society, a liberal, welfare-oriented party can go a long way toward satisfying the wishes of its followers. Rather than preside over a drawn-out struggle between the people and the interests, as if it were an either/or game, the new style is to give both what they want and pay for it out of the returns from a stable and rapidly growing economy. In essence this is the Galbraithian solution — not to struggle over the "take" but to increase its size. Thus, the typical new figure on the political scene is the liberal demagogue —one who can cater to the masses because he is willing to pay them off and can do so without depriving the interests of what they want. He can be for civil rights, for improved housing, for urban renewal, for a poverty program, and at the same time can vote against a reduction of the depletion allowance. The Great Society synthesis overcomes that age-old problem of liberal politics: how to reward the clientele. Before affluence, the result was a long, hard and usually indecisive fight with the interests or it was capitulation. The new liberal, however, does not have to fight or switch.

A third major effort of the Great Society has been the conduct of a more aggressive foreign policy. This robs the lingering Republican opposition of its key issue. The UN dues-payment reform, the MLF controversy, the current Vietnam war and the Santo Domingo affair were all actions that generated hostility among our enemies, antipathy among the neutrals, and problems for our friends. This formidable opposition in no way deters the policy makers who, on the whole, appear immune to public opinion, foreign or domestic. The domestic opposition to Vietnam has been remarkable on the part of intellectual, religious and other groups, but it too was ignored. Although *The New York Times* was dubious editorially of the Southeast Asia policy, one consequence of "elite



Schwering

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integration" is that their coverage of teach-ins stressed the "lighter side" of the activity as opposed to its content, when indeed there was any coverage at all.

In the face of even this opposition officials have called for consent as if it were somehow linked to national loyalty. There is a plea for withholding criticism, for lining up behind the President; a stress on the need for unity. The simple question here is: Why? The long-run price of unity is immobility and irresponsibility. A demand for unity is in effect a demand to remove the very checks and criticism which serve as an incentive to progress and virtue. As such, any call for consent is irresponsible. And this argument overlooks the fact that it is an authoritarian summons, alien to the democratic tradition.

One final point with respect to this description and prediction of American political events: Center parties—those which dominate the political spectrum, reaching far to the right and the left to achieve a sweeping majority—have inherent problems. Their success is based on campaigns waged under liberal banners. Hence they have a great need to perform; they have to push their liberal program. In a formally "free enterprise system," this means that they must pick up the support of wide ranges of business which will carry through the program. Among these are the construction firms that build low-cost housing, the demolition firms that profit from urban destruction preceding the renewal, the supplier firms that sell materials for the new solutions. Large numbers of entrepreneurial types have recently discovered that "there's money in poverty."

The need for performance, therefore, and the profits to be made from it, bring into the party large numbers of new decision makers, usually at influential levels, who may be described as "liberals of convenience" as opposed to the "liberals of conviction." The Center party may well have been founded with a large idealistic endowment, but its need to perform and the involvements stemming from it bring forth the opportunists.

Where idealism is characteristic of the amateur citizen (the one who loves his citizenship), the interests of the opportunists are closely linked to their full-time occupations. They can bring to bear all the technical expertise and informal connections associated with their corporations, thus hopelessly outmaneuvering the liberal whose convictions must be supported in his "spare" time.

The history of Center parties, therefore, is a tragic one. Idealists are shoved aside in favor of those leaders who are "more flexible," more able to "compromise." The party stops moving forward because progressive leaders no longer guide it. The party does not stop performing, but it performs in the interest of the opportunists. When the liberal supports low-cost public housing, he finds he gets some of it but it is shoddy, overpriced, unattractive and in poor locations. He supports it, and the Center party supports it, because it is "necessary to compromise" and, of course, even this new housing is better than the old. The liberals support urban renewal because they find the cities hideous and degrading; but the civic improvement they get is an upgrading of downtown merchants' properties and frequently a city which is worse to live in than before. They can, however, do their shopping in easily accessible, attractive stores.

The basic formal problem facing the Great Society, then, is the tendency toward depluralization, toward consensus. When one party dominates, the possibility of wheeling-dealing corruption is ever present. This is the case in any society with a dominant Center party. When liberals of convenience manage the program and there is no effective force to check or correct the course, the achievement is apt to be limited, falling far short of what is both technically possible and morally desirable.

The dominance of the liberals of convenience will erode even the Galbraithian solution. Increasingly we will be given the *appearance* of accomplishment rather than the reality. Already we have seen an anti-poverty program whose funds go for the support of upper-middle-class administrators, an Appalachia program which builds roads rather than attacking the roots of poverty, an anti-smoking measure which is a special favor to the manufacturer. The housing program is touted as a great new accomplishment but as the *New York Times* correspondent notes, most of the $6 billion authorization "represents a continuation of existing spending levels," and its enactment "probably means that there will not be another major housing bill for several years." This occurs at the time when the "war babies" of twenty years ago are forming families and beginning to demand housing.

Another facet of the low-quality accomplishment appears in the handling of the unemployment question. The liberals in charge of domestic affairs indicate that they will be satisfied with a "noninflationary" 4 per cent unemployment level. This free gift of low-quality life compares with the fraction of a per cent found in numerous West European countries. We, however, are going to plan, build in, not do anything about a permanent state of in-and-out employment for what will be roughly 10 per cent of the population. That is, among other things, their contribution to cold-war politics and the national trade balance. Again there is no vehicle present to organize the opposition.

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All this assumes that we are going to have at least an appearance of liberal accomplishment, low quality though it may be. But even this will come about only if the "needs" of foreign policy do not cut into the increased income available for domestic needs. Obviously there can be no guarantee. The current military build-up and our taking on the role of the "free world's" policeman (whether the world wants it or not) make clear the threat to domestic welfare, not to mention that of the rest of the world. Achieving a trade balance through the sale of new and used weapons (official gun running, in other words) merely escalates the size of the conflicts we will later undertake to pacify. Opposition in foreign affairs, which could check these dangerous moves, has been threatened with the state's repressive powers.

Both the quantity and quality of the possible liberal achievements are threatened. Ironically, it is the very "success" of the Great Society party, its sweeping electoral accomplishment, which makes possible the eminently desirable solutions, and at the same time gives us these problems.

Since the problem stems from the dwindling of our position, the solution appears to lie in the creation of such a force—and not just one which marches, protests and petitions. Isn't it time for a socialist or labor party in this country?

Con Edison

THE HUDSON RIVER CAPER . . . . . David Cort

After the recent power failure over the Northeastern United States, nobody needs to be reminded of the significance of electricity in this civilization. Its place in the whole ecology is most legibly and most ironically dramatized by the current story of New York City's Consolidated Edison. Even before the collapse of November 9, Con Ed had brought everybody into an act which was staged on the premise that the term public utility means that a power company may use the resources and convenience of the public for the greatest possible utility of the corporation.

This one probably began when New York City ordered the great gas and electric company to desist from its use of cheap residual fuels in its city power plants by 1969, since the smoke is rich in sulphur dioxide, poisonous to man, who also wants to be conserved. This must have put Con Ed into a fixed paroxysm of schizoid fury, for its alternative power proposal was calculated to enrage the maximum number of people and inflict the maximum blight on the habitat.

Con Ed had no real problems, except *lèse majesté* and cost accounting. It had no practical need to visit new injuries on America. It was permitted to go on poisoning New Yorkers until 1969. (The great black plumes of smoke — which seem to have grown blacker lately — ought properly to terrify the citizens but do not trouble Con Ed, whose officers live in the suburbs.) It could have gone to gas turbines, and had already begun using atomic power. But the key to its situation is that the range of economical transport of electricity has recently been extended from 300 miles to 1,500 miles.

The bothersome characteristic of electricity is that it must be used on the instant it is created; it cannot be stored. But power demands vary widely during any twenty-four hours. Thus in New York City, at 5 A.M., 1,600,000 kilowatts are used; at 9 A.M. 4,200,000 kilowatts, and production must be scaled accordingly. But at a range of 1,500 miles, a power grid embraces two time zones, and peak loads can be leveled out over the area.

Naturally Con Ed knows all this; the whole Establishment knows it. Since government owns a great deal of power in the electrical sense, the biggest business decided, well before the last Presidential election, that a truly national grid of electrical power required big business to go along with big government (Goldwater was doomed, even before he opened his mouth) Con Ed has access to electricity from New England to Appalachia by interconnections already set up or about to be set up.

So what Con Ed now proposed to the Federal Power Commission was that it really ought to go just 50 miles up the Hudson River, to the northern entrance to the superb Hudson Highlands, and disembowel Storm King Mountain. True, it had a cute idea. During the early morning hours, when New York demand was slack, its city-generated power would be used to pump Hudson water up a 2-mile, 40-foot-wide tunnel to a reservoir between Misery and White Horse peaks. Then, when the rush load came at 9 A.M., the water would run back down again, generating power to meet the high demand. The New York City generators would contribute three kilowatt hours for every two kilowatt hours produced by the runback. Thus the total sulphur-dioxide exhaust spewed on the city would increase, not decrease, but nobody would notice the plumes of sulphurous smoke in the pre-dawn hours.

But there were other ominous side effects of the proposed plant. Con Ed would have to buy Cornwall's main reservoir (a fine source of good water) and flood it nightly with polluted river water. Cornwall would therefore have to tap New York's hard-pressed Catskill Aqueduct. Until recently, no New York community had the right to sell its water supply and Cornwall could not have been bullied into doing so by the Federal Power Commission. But in 1963, Governor Rockefeller had hurried through a bill permitting such sales. Only Cornwall has used the privilege.

Not far upriver is the proposed Chelsea pumping station, which is expected to save New York City from drought. It can draw usable water from the tidal, brackish Hud-

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David Cort is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

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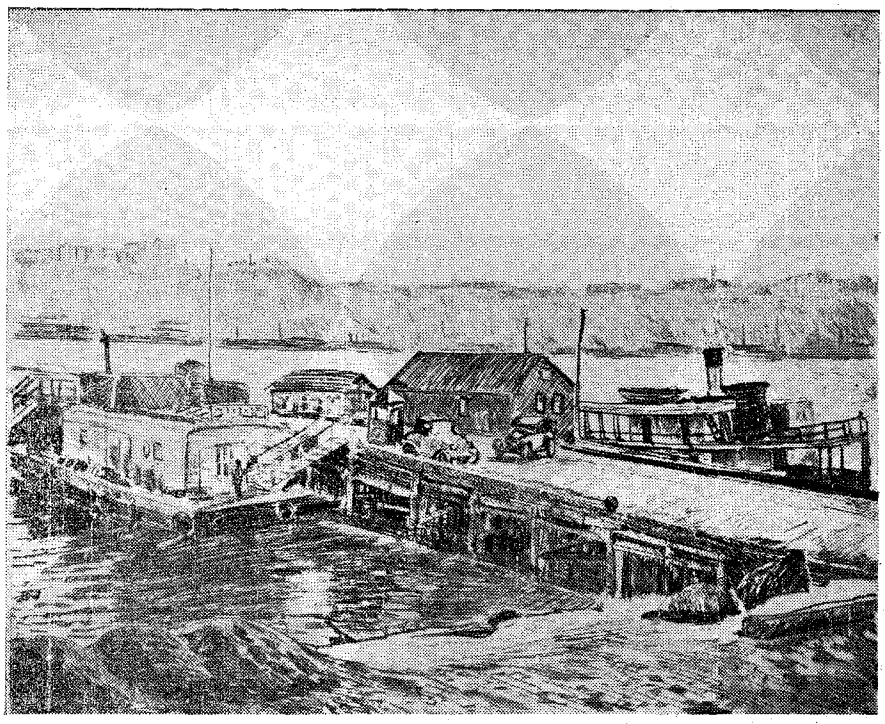
son only because the heavier salt water sinks, and Chelsea would skim its fresh water off the top, primarily at ebb tide. But the gigantic turbulence, twice a day, at the Storm King intake-outlet would probably stir fresh and salt together, putting Chelsea out of business.

There was a further side issue about fish (shad and striped bass) which spawn in the Hudson Highlands stretch. The sole witness (Con Ed) swore that the fish would not be endangered and that the most recent study on the subject had been made in 1938. It soon appeared that a study had been made in 1956, and the two biologists who made it said of the Con Ed witness: "He knew of our work. In fact, he hired us." And their study contradicted the testimony of the witness.

The press hates to use the word "lie." But lies are much of the substance of this story. And stories iridescent with lies hold and fascinate even the most incurious. One day somebody noticed and photographed at Indian Point a half-acre pile of dead striped bass. They had been killed by some still unexplained combination of the warm water outflow and the shore structures. Soon armed Burns guards appeared and ran off the intruders. There were later denials by the New York Conservation Department that any fish had died or any pictures been taken; and, alternatively, that Con Ed was in any way at fault for the slaughter. Had the Conservation Department admitted the existence of the pictures, it would have had to prosecute Con Ed. And so a survey, subsidized by Con Ed, of the fish situation was commenced and the Conservation Department blamed the kill, improperly, on the Atomic Energy Commission. There was no prosecution.

Thus were brought into the Con Ed caper some 400,000 Atlantic fishermen from New England to Cape May who catch the fish that spawn in this stretch of the Hudson. And that is no contemptible host.

At the Con Ed hearings before the four-man Federal Power Commission it was left delicately unclear whether the ingenious Storm King plant would produce 1,800,000, 2 million, 3 million, or even perhaps 4 million kilowatt hours. Asked whether Con Ed had fully explored interconnections with other power sources, every Con Ed witness gave "non-responsive" answers which the commissioners (with one exception) tactfully accepted.



Mortimer Borne: Public Works of Art Project
Docks on the Hudson

For the instruction of the Power Commissioners, Con Ed estimated the construction cost of the world's largest "high-head pumped storage development" at Storm King at $162 million, of which $14 million would go for overhead transmission lines cutting a ruthless 250-foot swath through the two counties just north of New York City. It barefacedly testified that the cost of putting the lines underground would be $99 million, a prohibitive figure.

This last may be the most sparkling lie in the whole affair, but it is endorsed by all utility companies everywhere. An underground line requires, not a 250-foot strip, but a narrow lane, which vastly reduces condemnation costs. This lane might not even have to be bought outright. The cost to the whole society, in damage to property values and loss of land use, would be almost nil with underground transmission, and inestimable with overhead transmission, especially through highly developed communities, as in this case. Guided by the considerations, I assert that transmission would actually be cheaper underground than overhead. But the former would deprive the utility of much of its tyrannical powers over just ordinary citizens. The clerks who run these companies like that power. In a previous confrontation, utilities have claimed that underground distribution of power costs ten times as much as overhead.

In this case, a head of slowly gathering anger was building up among ordinary citizens. A dozen organizations had begun to make harsh noises, and a new one, Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, mobilized some money, some power and some initiative.

Probably in response to this, Rep. Richard L. Ottinger, freshman Democrat of Putnam and Westchester Counties, introduced HR 3012, a bill to create a federal Hudson Highland National Scenic Riverway, to preserve and rehabilitate the river's course, and abate water pollution. This could block Con Ed completely. Presently ten similar bills were introduced in the House, and one in the Senate by Senators Kennedy and Javits of New York. In the ensuing months, a steady stream of Congressmen sponsored Ottinger's bill.

Meanwhile, on March 9, the Federal Power Commission officially handed Storm King Mountain over

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to Con Ed, while remanding for further hearings the matters of the transmission routes and the methods of protecting fish at the water intakes. Three commissioners agreed. One, Charles Ross, dissented. He did not think, as the applicant semed to, that "without an immediate decision, the world is coming to an end." He thoroughly doubted Con Ed's solemn cost estimates for going underground in transmission, and pointed out that the utilities' fight against going underground anywhere, anytime, "is to them a deadly serious war. . . . When a utility doesn't wish to do something, it becomes prohibitively expensive."

Storm King in hand, Con Ed announced an alternative route for its great swath of overhead transmission lines. This turned out to threaten the property of many who had publicly opposed the project, including officers of the embattled organizations. It is perhaps coincidental, but not irrelevant.

Now a new figure belly-flopped into the river — Governor Nelson Rockefeller. First he rushed through the State Legislature a bill, signed May 28, to run an expressway right along the Hudson River shore of Hastings, Dobbs Ferry, Irvington, Tarrytown and Yonkers, with an inland spur passing Rockefeller property that had been thoughtfully rezoned for commercial use. Then, in wild paradox, he rushed through another bill to set up a Hudson Valley Scenic and Historic Corridor, much of whose values the first bill would blot out. The corridor was intended to block Ottinger's riverway. But in fact a state can do nothing to stop five existing federal agencies from doing whatever they like with the Hudson. But Ottinger's proposal could stop them.

Rockefeller injected some absolutely original thinking into the affair. Anybody who wanted to save Storm King, he said, should simply buy the mountain. The 800-foot generator plant, he said, might very well become a greater tourist attraction than the mountain itself. Perhaps rattled by the general bedlam, Rockefeller's assistant press secretary pointlessly asserted that Rockefeller had never owned any Con Ed shares. Yet Rockefeller's official statement in 1959 listed Con Ed as one of his major holdings.

Now a brochure handsome with art work appeared: it generally endorsed the Hudson River and ended with a lament for its imminent "sentence . . . to federal custody . . . parceled out to federal caretakers." (Like a cemetery, see?) This was issued by the Rockefellers (via Brother Laurance's Hudson study commission), its only detectable point being to emphasize the profound Rockefeller feeling for the river. One beauty of the Hudson Valley modestly not mentioned is the vast feudal Rockefeller estate at Pocantico Hills, where whole villages are tenanted by Rockefeller retainers and the public highways run between miles of high-wire Rockefeller fences.

The mounting uproar took visible form when public hearings on Ottinger's bill were held in the Hudson Valley towns, before the National Parks and Recreation Subcommittee of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, July 24 and 25. The crowd at North Tarrytown, for example, was estimated at 600.

The Congressmen soon got the idea that these people, though well mannered, were in earnest. They cheered and booed. The testimony was revealing. Politicians from industrial towns like Newburgh and Yonkers, whose shores were already ruined, were in favor of "further study," a euphemism for opposition to Ottinger's bill. Towns hoping for power installations (Storm King would increase the locality's tax rolls ten times) were also opposed. Rockefeller's man, Conrad Wirth, was curiously plaintive in opposition. Of course everybody was the Hudson River's best friend. But some of the pressure groups had the insolence to describe conservationists, who are simple patriots, as just another pressure group. It is a dark day when we must count patriots as one small factor in a large equation of greedy pressures.

Each time a witness attacked Rockefeller and his riverside expressway, the crowd—in a strongly Republican area—gave thunderous and prolonged applause. Several witnesses said the highway belonged inland along Saw Mill River Road (9A), partly adjoining the Rockefeller estates. On a hot Sunday morning, the Congressional committee was given a short tour of the river, found its broad bosom strewn with sewage, debris and detergent foam, and passed Newburgh's gaping sewer mouth. Thus the once beautiful but still noble river.

What the Hudson River caper had tied together were the hitherto unrelated factors of air pollution, electric power, scenery and recreation, water pollution, water for people, water for fish, federal agencies, strontium radiation, local politicians and underground versus overhead transmission lines.

Starting back from this snake pit, Congressman Ottinger introduced some more legislation. A three-bill package, supported September 9 by Sen. Maurine Neuberger of Oregon and others, set out to encourage the utilities to develop underground transmission. Another bill asked for a study of the fish and wild-life resources of the nation. A third would restrict the Secretary of the Interior in disposing of wild-life refuges.

Nor were the ordinary citizens idle. The Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference filed with the Federal Power Commission a motion of Stay of Opinion and Order Issuing License. It has taken an appeal against the FPC order into the New York federal courts. The Cornwall Taxpayers' Water Protection Association has begun proceedings in Orange County to force Con Ed to return all land already taken over, and to stop acquiring any more.

On September 2, a four-month survey of the Hudson River, to be conducted by four federal departments, was announced. And all this tangled plot was set in motion by Con Ed.

But if any impression has been given that Con Ed does not truly, in its way, love the people, this must be corrected at once. In its public relations booklet, enclosed with gas and light bills, it tells us that it employs a man with binoculars at the top of the Empire State Building to scan the horizon for nasty smoke from Con Ed power stacks. "Air pollution control is serious business at Con Edison." (So serious that Con Ed is regularly fined by the city.) At night, presumably, the man with the binoculars goes home. Public relations never go on in the dark. The night is for real.

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Slave South: Beyond Economics

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SLAVERY: Studies in the Economy & Society of the Slave South. By Eugene D. Genovese. Pantheon Books. 304 pp. $6.95.

Aileen S. Kraditor

Engels, complaining about distortion of his and Marx's views, once wrote:

> *The determining element in history is* ultimately *the production and reproduction of real life. More than this neither Marx nor I have ever asserted. Hence if somebody twists this into saying that the economic element is the* only *determining one, he transforms that proposition into a meaningless, abstract, senseless phrase. The economic situation is the basis, but the various elements of the superstructure . . . also exercise their influence upon the course of the historical struggles and in many cases preponderate in determining their form. . . . Without making oneself ridiculous it would be a difficult thing to explain in terms of economics the existence of every small state in Germany. . . .* (Engels to Bloch, Sept. 21-22, 1890)

Engels complained in vain. Sixty-two years later, Eric Goldman wrote that Karl Marx "prided himself on the rigidly scientific nature of his economic determinism" (*Rendezvous with Destiny*). When respected scholars make such statements, is it to be wondered that most American readers of history take it for granted that Marxism and economic determinism are the same or at least compatible? It is easy to expose the absurdity of such assumptions; one need merely quote Marx or Engels against their interpreters. One can, in addition, show how economic determinism fails to answer important questions or creates insoluble problems for the historian who tries to apply it to historical data. But showing Marxism and economic determinism to be antithetical and economic determinism to be an invalid theory is one thing; showing Marxism to be a useful tool for historical analysis is another. Herein, quite aside from Genovese's contribution to our knowledge of the facts concerning the slave South, is the enormous value of this collection of essays.

Why is it entitled *The Political Economy of Slavery* and not *The Economics of Slavery*? Because as a Marxist, as distinguished from an economic determinist, Genovese does not believe the slave South can be "explained" in terms of economic elements alone. Slavery was not *only* an economic institution, a special way of exploiting workers for a profit. In addition, slavery was the foundation of a complex social edifice; it created, in Genovese's words, "a class of slaveholders with a special ideology and psychology and the political and economic power to impose their values on society as a whole," a class that increasingly came to see slavery "as the essence of morality in human relationships. Under the circumstances the social conflict between North and South took the form of a moral conflict." The slaveholders' "pride, sense of honor, and commitment to their way of life made a final struggle so probable that we may safely call it inevitable without implying a mechanistic determinism against which man cannot avail."

This interpretation contrasts with the two most popular theories of the causes of the Civil War. One school argues that slavery was nothing more than a special form of capitalist exploitation of labor, that Southern capitalism clashed with Northern capitalism over domination of the new West and of the federal government, and that war was inevitable in the sense that it was the choice of no individual or group but determined by the irreconcilability of the economic interests of the two capitalist classes. The other major school points to conflicts of economic interest in other places and at other times, conflicts that did not result in war, and argues that such clashes were not fundamental enough to bring the two sections to blows, that on the contrary there were no *real* conflicts that could not have been resolved by reasonable men, and that therefore war was caused by the tragically enormous influence of demagogues seeking power and fanatics seeking perfection. The first view sees the economic conflict as the

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Prison Poem

(after Tollas)

A spider is sewing the silence;
He stitches up my shabby loneliness.
In the world I would not have seen you,
but here I greet you, fellow of my solitude.

First living thing I've seen for months!
I can talk to you!
Please look on me as a gigantic fly. Believe
I am caught in your web.

Suck my blood! What do I care?
I know. I know it is agony
to be hungry. But this is dinner for me —
to be able to give myself to you.

See, slowly they appear through the air
Poison spiders with two legs.
When they bite me with the hate
in their eyes, or choke me in their iron snares,

I let them. Ejaculate all your poison!
A weight of fluid now protects me,
and the beauty in my heart moves toward the sun
though I am trapped by webs of stone.

John Logan

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"real" one; the second sees the psychological conflict as the "real" one. Genovese, accepting both as "real," argues that there was an economic root of the Southern expansionism that precipitated war; but there were political, social and psychological roots, too:

> *Each supported and fed the taproot—the exigencies of slaveholder hegemony in a South that fought against comparative disadvantages in the world market and that found itself increasingly isolated morally and politically. From another point of view, each was a manifestation of those exigencies. Although some appear to be objective, or matters of social process, whereas others appear to be subjective, or matters of psychological reaction to possibly imaginary dangers, the difference becomes unimportant when each is related to the fundamental position of the slaveholders in Southern society.*

The narrowly economic interpretation has taken a number of forms in the past fifty years, and it has emphasized a number of different historical problems. One very old bone of contention among scholars is the question whether slavery was profitable to the slaveholders, and Genovese criticizes in detail the most important recent contribution to the controversy, an article by Alfred H. Conrad and John R. Meyer, first published in 1958. The question of slavery's profitability is of course a legitimate and important one for historians who wish to understand the slave South. What makes the article especially relevant here is that, as Genovese says, "the most sweeping social and political questions have been thought to be hanging on the calculation of profit and loss." His criticism, it must be said, is devastating, as to Conrad and Meyer's method as well as to the conclusions they draw from their study. In regard to method, for example, he notes that in calculating capital costs, they include "the initial cost of work animals and assume that they were thereafter self-reproducing," despite the fact that, as Genovese notes, "the great bulk of the work animals consisted of mules and oxen"! Less entertaining but more significant, perhaps, is Genovese's judgment that one cannot understand what was happening by making the planters' ledgers (even correctly interpreted) the principal primary source. He points out that a finding that slavery was profitable can be made a starting point for a theory that the Civil War was either a repressible *or* an irrepressible conflict; and a theory that slavery was unprofitable can also lead to either of those conclusions. "Great social transformations do not come about as a result of a kind of popular income accounting; . . . an ideological and psychological assessment of the Southern slaveholders is essential to an understanding of Southern political economy."

That assessment is an integral part of the detailed analysis, from the author's own Marxist standpoint, of the Southern political economy that takes up the bulk of this book. The essays were written at different times, and each of them can stand by itself. The first offers a general interpretation of the slave South; each of the others explores a different subsidiary topic. The chief points may be summarized (and vastly oversimplified) as follows:

Frontier farmers in both North and South used the soil in wasteful ways, but the effects of soil exhaustion were overcome in the North by crop diversification and other changes once the frontier stage was past. In the South, soil exhaustion continued to be a problem for reasons that can only be hinted at here: slavery perpetuated a one-crop system that prevented sufficient rotation; it fostered an aristocratic attitude and a propensity to consume (on the part of the planters) that discouraged the accumulation of enough liquid capital to purchase fertilizers on a large scale; it forced planters to use poor quality farm implements; it kept down the number of farm animals and therefore the availability of manure. Reformers like Edmund Ruffin agitated for scientific methods, but most planters were unwilling and usually financially unable to adopt them.

The author argues that in the upper South, wholesale reform would have, ultimately, been introduced only at the expense of the slave system itself. To raise the money to buy fertilizers a Virginia planter would have had to sell many slaves. Crop rotation as a means of replenishing the worn-out soil would have meant diversification, which in turn would have required an urban market for a variety of foodstuffs. Slavery discouraged urbanization because it discouraged industrialization. Therefore the potential market for the foodstuffs grown on the scientifically managed farms in the border states would have had to be in the North. The border states would thus have become increasingly a part of the free-state economy, a process that would have been accelerated by the sale of surplus slaves to the lower South. Agricultural reform in the upper South depended on the existence of a market for its slaves, a market that could continue to exist only if other

Poetry Editor

The editors are happy to announce that Michael Goldman has been appointed poetry editor for *The Nation*. Himself a poet whose work has appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly, The Kenyon Review, The Virginia Quarterly Review, The New Yorker* and elsewhere, Mr. Goldman teaches in the Department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University. His *First Poems* was published last summer by Macmillan.

Denise Levertov, to whom the magazine owes a great debt for the excellence of the poetry that was published under her editorship, has resigned her post with us in order to gain more time for her own writing.

Richard Hofstadter,

Pulitzer Prize-winning historian, traces the "great conspiracy" theory of history back to its 18th-century origins — and comments brilliantly on other moods and beliefs that have affected American political life.

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parts of the South continued to use the very methods that made the reform necessary. Hence, he concludes, "a general reformation of Southern agriculture could not take place while slavery was retained."

Why couldn't urban markets develop in the South? Because, replies Genovese, large-scale urbanization can come about only where an agrarian revolution takes place, creating diversified farming and livestock-raising to feed the cities, and introducing efficient methods that reduce the number of laborers on the countryside, forcing the surplus rural population into urban industry. The city dwellers become the consumers of the food grown on the farms and the producers of the agricultural implements, textiles and other commodities needed on the farms. The bulk of the ante-bellum Southern population consisted of slaves and whites too poor to be an adequate market on which a Southern industrialization could be built.

One might ask why the leaders of the South did not see their long-range interest in ending slavery and building a progressive capitalist economy with free labor. If economic interest alone were sufficient motivation, this question would be unanswerable. The point is that slavery was more than an economic institution. It was the basis for a civilization. It produced, says the author, a master class with anti-capitalist values, a class that

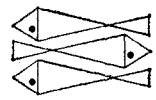
> *recoiled at the notions that profit should be the goal of life; . . . that thrift and hard work should be the great virtues; and that the test of the wholesomeness of a community should be the vigor with which its citizens expand the economy. . . . The aristocratic spirit of the planters* [who set the tone for the whole society] *absorbed acquisitiveness and directed it into channels that were socially desirable to a slave society: the accumulation of slaves and land and the achievement of military and political honors. . . . Slavery established the basis of the planter's position and power. It measured his affluence, marked his status, and supplied leisure for social graces and aristocratic duties.*

And it thus could foster behavior, on the part of the planters, sometimes directly contrary to their long-range economic interests.

Aside from purely financial reasons, therefore, the Southern ruling class, with individual exceptions, would not have subscribed to a program to end slavery gradually, replace it with free labor, and build a South of commercial farms and flourishing industries. To have done so would have been to condemn their entire way of life. Genovese believes that their only alternative was to continue to expand their system into new lands to replace the worn-out soil of the older South and to provide markets for the surplus slaves of the seaboard states. Even where the new territory was unsuited to plantation agriculture, the slave owners could not have agreed to containment without implicitly agreeing that slavery was evil, rather than the foundation of the finest civilization in the world. When the North prevented further extension of slavery, the planters quite rationally (from their standpoint) decided, as Genovese puts it, "to stake everything on a desperate gamble for a political independence that would have freed them to push their system southward. . . ."

Genovese supports his analysis with a wide variety of sources, including planters' records, ante-bellum newspapers, treatises on agronomy and studies of the problems of modern underdeveloped nations, ancient Rome, medieval England and colonial Latin America. He enriches his discussion with insights drawn from the works of thinkers from Hegel and Machiavelli to Maurice Dobb and Paul Baran.

This work is a noteworthy contribution to our understanding of the pre-Civil War South. To the extent that the author proves his thesis, he also demonstrates, first, that proposals to change one socio-economic system into another piecemeal, or by elections, or by sitting around a conference table and converting those with a deep emotional as well as political and economic stake in the old system, are visionary; and second, that even a "doomed" ruling class can be capable of enormous efforts, and even certain successes, in its efforts to stay in power.



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Going to Jerusalem

THE MANDELBAUM GATE. By Muriel Spark. Alfred A. Knopf. 369 pp. $5.95.

Helen Yglesias

The most unlikely candidate to suffer a problem of Jewish identity would seem to be a Muriel Spark heroine, though there were hints of this theme in her first novel in 1957. Between the subtly sketched conversion to Catholicism in *The Comforters*, however, and Barbara Vaughan's problem in *The Mandelbaum Gate*, a shift of emphasis has taken place. The intermeshed themes of Jewish identity and Catholic faith come forward stage center, and there is definite cause for alarm in this: Jewish identity has already reached jungle-growth proportions in contemporary literature. With the introduction of half-Jews into the search, the subject threatens to spread weedlike over the world. In the voice, if not the spirit of thanksgiving, of the Passover liturgy, it is high time to intone, "It would have been sufficient!"

Mrs. Spark's new work is alarming in other respects. It is a frighteningly greedy novel, gulping up theology, philosophy, politics, current events and fashionable gossip; a seemingly

Helen Yglesias is assistant to the Literary Editor of The Nation.

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endless stream of name dropping: from the Dead Sea Scrolls to the Eichmann trial; from spying for Nasser to filming *Lawrence of Arabia*. This is astonishing enough for an artist who excels in working a small area deftly and brilliantly; what is more surprising is to see her structure strain and falter. Beginning with *The Comforters*, Mrs. Spark has demonstrated a construction as tight and tricky and pleasing as a puzzle. *The Mandelbaum Gate* too has the construction of a jigsaw puzzle, but instead of the last piece falling perfectly into place to our applause, it is as though the author's elbow has been jogged. All the little odd-shaped pieces show their cracks.

The Mandelbaum Gate is named for one of the world's sore spots, the frontier crossing between Israel and Jordan, so called because a Mr. Mandelbaum once owned the house on the corner. It is here—since she is an English half-Jew on a Catholic pilgrimage—that Barbara Vaughan's troubles begin. Some predate Jerusalem: the dilemma of *Who am I?*, a lover she will not marry unless Rome clears his divorce, and a jealous woman friend in London who does not want her to marry at all. Having entered Jerusalem, poor Barbara is embroiled with pushy Israeli guides and subtle Arab merchants; she encounters British foreign service officers, pimps, adventurers and blue-eyed sexy Arab girls; disguised as an old Arab woman she is rescued from a nunnery, and smuggled across the Mandelbaum Gate disguised as a nun; there are flash-backs to her Golders Green Jewish background and to her polo-tennis-and-tea English background; she catches scarlet fever; she turns up as an observer at the Eichmann trial; she has a fist fight with a woman spy for Nasser who neatly fits Sunday supplement terminology by embracing communism, Hitlerism and anti-Semitism in one trim English head; Barbara even gets to visit the Holy Shrines.

Tricks abound. Barbara disappears; Freddie loses his memory; time moves in circular repetitions; the novel's point of view wavers as if directed by a hand-held camera. In the end it is all wrapped up in single-sentence packages: "Suzi married a lawyer in Athens. . . . Abdul Ramdez and Mendel Ephraim left Israel and managed to reach Tangier, where they opened a cafe. . . . Barbara and Harry were married . . . they had one child. . . ." It is the gates of Jerusalem which claim the last paragraph, "Damascus Gate, that gate of the Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday," and the Mandelbaum Gate, "a piece of street between Jerusalem and Jerusalem." Despite the cracks, there is a pattern in the puzzle. "The city that is one day to be" remains the goal; the spur is faith, that which "gives substance to our hopes, which convinces us of things we cannot see."

Because a note at the back of the book tells us so, we know that Mrs. Spark is a convert to the Roman Catholic Church and, like her heroine, endowed "with the beautiful and dangerous gift of faith which, by definition of the Scriptures, is the sum of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen." In the presence of these self-proclaimed wonders, we tiptoe and speak softly. They create a shield beyond which it seems ill-mannered to penetrate. Besides, these are mysteries—will they yield to critical reason?

Barbara Vaughan herself hurls reason against the mystery of her identity, but definition eludes her. "I am who I am," God's answer to Moses, she dismisses as too large. Later, when her Jewish blood is considered a danger in Jordan, she is delighted with Freddie's defense: "Jewish blood or not, the point is, it's hers and it has got to be protected." Pressed to explain why she has substituted one religion for another, she argues that Christianity is a new ordering of the Jewish religion. This is Zhivago's argument, but flatly stated, without Pasternak's poetry or passion; and without his ideological view that Jewish exclusiveness deprives the Jew of meaningful life within the mainstream of society.

Her Israeli guide, a Polish Jew who fled the Nazi occupation, makes himself disagreeable, demanding reasons for abandoning her Jewish heritage. She finds it a difficult question. "In Poland," he tells her, "the Catholic priests used to lead the pogroms." Her response is, "Well, they shouldn't have."

Although she longs to marry her lover and stay within the Church, she reaches a point where she will marry him without Rome's clearance. But a jealous friend, hoping to do harm, inadvertently puts everything right. Barbara gets her man and keeps her Church: by error, by an act of evil intent, Barbara is restored to grace. At the trial, she listens to Eichmann patiently expound "once more, the complex theology in which not his own actions, not even Hitler's, were the theme of his defense, but the honor of the Supreme Being, the system, and its least tributary Bureau IV-B-4," and adds the comment, "It was a highly religious trial." It is the Hannah Arendt view of evil, with the added twist of Mrs. Spark's irony.

The earlier Spark novels were sustained in an aura of quest for a state of human grace into which we willingly plunged with her, as if into a gay adventure: realistic detail, high comedy and religious mystery perfectly adjusted to a mechanism which opened door after door down a corridor of endless speculation. If there was something downright nasty and strange in these novels, there was also an element which soared beyond ordinary matter. The box within a box within a box of *The Comforters* conveyed a witty and meaningful mystery, and for all the terror of the message of the presence of death in *Memento Mori*, it was, on a realistic level, a brilliant destruction of the illusion that old age is a time of wisdom garnered in tranquillity and resignation. Ronald's epileptic seizure in court in *The Bachelors* and the judge's question, "Is this man a medium?" were marvelously

ALAN PATON

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funny even as the scene invited serious wonder about the power of the senses. And *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* appeals on several levels: it was a superbly realistic rendering of a group, while Sandy, clutching the bars of the nunnery, pondering betrayal, carried it far beyond its genre.

In departing from miniatures and from her playful dual approach, Muriel Spark has stumbled into difficulties. To the overwhelmingly complex social, political and human questions raging at the Gate, she has responded with a razzle-dazzle entertainment, weighted with ambiguous ironies and hovering in an atmosphere of a passion play. But she is playing it cool. She conveys no transforming experiences—holy or human. The tiring discomfort of her heroine's pilgrimage to the shrines is recorded in realistic detail, undoubtedly accurate. Of my own visit to those shrines many years ago, before the Gate but not before the problems, I remember now only Rachel's Cave and the Wailing Wall. They were disappointing: little dirty places whose significance evaded me. A greater experience was a recent visit to the Catholic shrine in northern Spain, Santiago de Compostela, upon whose famous Gloria Portico the argument of Christianity's spiritual ascendancy over Judaism is told with such open, passionate conviction, it is irresistible. Irresistible, the delightfully natural march of the granite figures of Adam and Eve, David of the crossed feet and the harp, Moses, Esther and smiling Daniel—all led to Jesus by way of St. James. Irresistible, the *botafumeiro,* a huge censor of flaming incense, swinging from nave to nave of the immense cathedral. Glorious artistry convinces in the first place and glorious showmanship in the second; what is missing in this novel is some of each.

Implicit in the discussion of the measuring and sorting of Barbara's blood is the fact of the extermination of the Jews. It is central to the novel's true dialogue between good and evil, finally always Mrs. Spark's compelling interest. Her approach levels and cools the debate and ends with an invitation to partake of ambivalent doubt and ambivalent faith—within the true Church or without. Civilized by wit, faith shall save us and guide our view of the modern condition. Under the general law that every religion is entitled to its *mishagos*, it is certainly possible to smile at the absurdities of particular Church rulings, laws, myths, commercializations: the whole silly lot. But from the Crusades to Vietnam, the worldly uses of the power of the Church, whether stridently active or acquiescently silent, are another matter. For such matters, the novel's answer is: "Well, they shouldn't have." But this is hindsight: everybody has enough vision for hindsight. More, it converts too easily into a mechanism to guide us through paths of moral reconciliation with things as they are. The world of fixed good and evil calls forth a highly accommodating faith from Mrs. Spark. It lacks frenzy: the fierceness of a cleansing illumination of the mess at the Mandlebaum Gate extending beyond indulgence to a prophetic vision of that promised city which is one day to be.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

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KENNETH BURKE
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Robert Hatch

There was a time when the gradient, up or down, from the neighborhood of letters was readily negotiable; the road was not out on the Guermantes Way and a cab would take you to the lodgings of Raskolnikov. Today you must jump, in the language of modern physics, from one "state" to the next, and since the writer is usually readier for this exploit than the reader, the two may find themselves in orbits whose expectations are not analogous. The distortion of communication can then be severe. It may seem to the reader that he has been shoved in with lunatics, forced to negotiate landscapes of skewed perspective, asked to apply himself to a metaphysics of paradox and a logic of *non sequitur*. The word "absurd" gets tossed around in ways not intended, and the author, who is trying to show what he has found, is praised for his fantastic invention or condemned for morbid self-indulgence. How to throw a bridge across?

Something of this must have concerned Sol Yurick when he determined to write yet another novel of the juvenile tribes that share out the territory of New York City. The problem with this subject matter is notorious. If you tell such a story within a context that the reader *thinks* is well known to him—the streets, the neighborhood landmarks, the sounds of traffic and the neon—he may reject the behavior of your characters as irrational and state with some heat his refusal to become involved in the exploits of the criminally insane. And yet except in science fiction you cannot write of New York and put subway stops where none exist or set palm trees out in Tompkins Square.

Yurick resolves this predicament with ingenuity and style. First, he proposes an initiating situation which, without being at all incredible, is sufficiently removed from actuality to warn the reader that he is confronting a known place in an unknown context; then he pilots his story home along a familiar path whose coordinates of allusion hold the chronicle within the limits of moral relevance. The event that triggers his action is an all-city congress of fighting gangs convened in Van Cortlandt Park, to which come the warriors of the title, representatives of a brotherhood in Coney Island, at the edge of the mapped world. The

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path down which Mr. Yurick runs his narrative is Xenaphon's *Anabasis*—the road back to Greece. He dwells perhaps too insistently on this model—these Negro boys are not the illustrious remnants of a professional army; they are a tribal party, bound together by magic rites, disciplined by paternal authority. Nevertheless, the comparison serves excellently to sustain an atmosphere of naked exposure to a world unknown in which the episodes of the novel can be accepted.

A small body of fighting men, stripped of their weapons by adverse fortune, must gain their way through a succession of principalities whose customs and prowess are unknown, but all of which are well understood to be jealously defended. The deportment of these boys will not begin to make sense until the reader accepts that they study a subway map with exactly the challenged awe of a Phoenician gazing upon a chart of the waters west of Spain. Terra incognita and they are flung down in the midst of it.

The adult community of the three boroughs through which the six dropouts must journey scarcely figures in their calculations. Men, women, nonaffiliated juveniles are part of the impersonal environment endured alike by all the named peoples; it is a background unspecifically hostile but readily kept at bay by trained campaigners. Or eliminated. When a man resents the warriors, they knife him to the ground in a ritual annihilation; his offense was not great, but it became mortal in the equation of their exposed peril.

Nor do they give much thought to the police; they are the gods, incalculable and unappeasable, and the most intrepid warrior can do no more than avoid their gaze and flee their presence.

It is the other peoples—the other gangs—that must be approached with guile, placated, overawed, outwitted. The Dominators from Coney Island, a diplomatic party placed unexpectedly on a war footing, must avoid battle, and their best chance of doing so is to seem as proudly truculent as game cocks. Sexuality is a crucial factor in the subtle game of face.

Yurick's journey home allows one to see plainly what has not been evident before: these gang youths are not at odds with society; they move through society on trails cut between settlements. Anything this surrounding jungle offers they will take (and it is as lush and poisonous as a rain forest); any threat it puts forth they will strike down. What to the reader is the Times Square IRT station is to them a lava pit of seething monstrosity; what to him is a car full of punters homeward bound from Yonkers Raceway is to them an assemblage of Titans. But what the reader sees as a group of delinquents lounging in the dim light of a store window, they recognize as the advance patrol of the Borinquen Blazers, elegant on their own turf, ruttish with *machissmo*, small but how dangerous?

The steady soldier; the dreamer sick with intimations of cowardice; the violent giant, half shield, half menace; the young recruit, to be blooded and sheltered—these are living anachronisms: bronze-age infantry tossed by some grotesque time trick into a 20th-century metropolis. Their native land is a half dozen square blocks, their known world 50 or so square miles, the race to which they belong a few thousand boys and girls who live the gang life. They are ignorant, superstitious, lecherous, cruel and treacherous—by society's standards. Yurick has set up the prisms that allow one to judge them by their own. It is only fair, and carries the bonus of a story that blazes through the hot city night.

ARCHITECTURE

Frederick Gutheim

FOGGY BOTTOM'S DOLCE VITA

Washington

Some 240 lawyers and lobbyists, executives of booming research and redevelopment corporations and retired major generals have put down as much as a quarter million dollars each for cooperative apartments with 90-foot balconies overlooking the Potomac. They are now beginning to move into the first unit of the Watergate, a large new apartment complex in Foggy Bottom. Architecturally this development brings Washington 1,000 miles closer to Miami Beach. Culturally, *La Dolce Vita* has reached the shores of the Potomac.

This has been the shrewdly accurate aim of the project's sponsors, an Italian syndicate. While it has provided some apartments in the relatively moderate price range of $35,000 to $60,000, the design and the social tone are geared to those recently arrived in the higher brackets. It has even attracted a few of the wall-to-wall set from their suburban homes.

The Societa Generale Immobiliari, a public stock company, which counts the Vatican as one of its principal shareholders, has a background of speculative apartment house buildings in Rome, and is now engaged in such jet-assisted projects as a business complex in Montreal and a satellite town outside Mexico City. SGI's chairman, Aldo Samaritani, presides over the Watergate Corporation. Hence the presence of Luigi Moretti, the Italian architect of this richly conceived development with its surprising curvilinear forms, its fountains and mar-

Frederick Gutheim, former president of The Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, is now a member of a Guggenheim project studying recent architecture in Finland.

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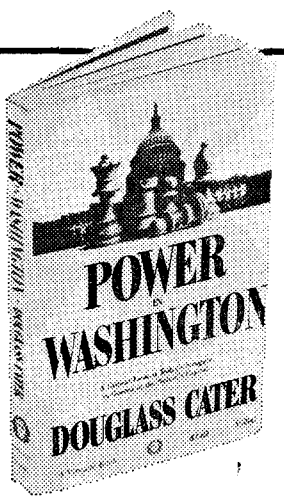

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moreal open spaces and its neo-baroque details, all so exciting in their floodlit decadence. And of course the plush interior decor of Arturo Pini di San Miniato. And the Italian management—down to the last bidet.

What these gentlemen have achieved, and what they are still achieving, stands about a five-minute walk from the State Department. One gently curving caterpillar of a building has been completed; four others, including an office building and an apartment hotel, are in work. The Foggy Bottom district, lying between the White House and Georgetown, has been for some years responding to the new concentration of government employment. It has generated a surprising number of reasonably attractive new apartment houses and the charming conversion of older row houses on the Georgetown-Capitol Hill model. Measured now by this enormous new development, the earlier efforts seem puny and piecemeal, although they have established a central-city vernacular that is as pleasant as it is unique.

Watergate hopes to create a focus for the commercial and public life of this larger area. Its multi-level shopping center contains both such local services as barber and beauty shops, drug and food stores, and the branch banks, restaurants, clothing shops and other enterprises designed to serve the surrounding community. Residents can splash in four swimming pools. The entire development will contain 900 dwellings, plus the hotel and the offices; it should have an ultimate population of about 6,000. As with most large central-city residential developments, this is highly self-conscious "turf" with its own restricted gardens, armed police patrols and proprietary services. A fourteen-camera, closed-circuit television system guards all entrances.

The vast elliptical forms of the Watergate will occupy nearly a quarter mile of river front between the site of the J. F. Kennedy Memorial Arts Center and Rock Creek. It is also situated in a tangle of expressways and interchanges, the characteristic curving lines of which are an evident source of the project's design. Washington first became aware of the possibilities for this neglected site, long shadowed not merely by the river's miasma but by smelly gas tanks, with the new highway locations. An ambitious, unified development program was offered but staved off by inter-

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ested developers. Thereafter a fantastic collection of new buildings began to rise around what the planning commission documents call "Potomac Plaza."

For years, frustrated architects attempted to reconcile the lines describing Potomac Plaza on the two-dimensional city plan with the emerging forms of such buildings as the flat-chested, neo-classicism of the Peoples Life Insurance Company, the cramped curving curtain walls of the Pan American Health Organization offices, and the red tile façades of the national headquarters of the American Association of University Women. To this architectural smörgasbord has now been added the biggest dish of them all. Any hope that a unified plan will emerge has long vanished.

Edward D. Stone's unfortunately located Kennedy Arts Center will soon discover that the Watergate is a crushing companion. The 485-foot continuous façade of Watergate East is just the start. When the next two units are completed in the fall of 1966, and the entire complex by 1968, its bulk will have to be compared less with anything adjacent than with the fantastically booming commercial center of Rosslyn, that piece of downtown Washington that has slipped its moorings and drifted across the river in the last couple of years. Between these two areas the virgin wilderness of Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Island is almost obliterated. Upstream the consequences of this large building are predictable. The redeveloping Georgetown water front between the bistros of M Street and the river assumes a less parklike, more distinctly urban cast.

Given the careful planning and architectural quality that have made the emerging Southwest development so satisfying a design, the unanswered question in Washington is why that quiet, in-town residential standard was abandoned for the developers of the Watergate. Even in its rather dubious architectural company the Watergate sticks out. From the interior well of the completed building one looks up at the toothy concrete fretwork of the long, curving balconies. One is grateful it is not taller than the city's maximum height; for holding that line we can thank the Fine Arts Commission. Miami Beach has a certain standard within which one can distinguish between good and bad vulgarity; in Washington vulgarity still has the power to shock.

Those responsible for building the Watergate have pretentiously noted that their site "has emerged as the power center of the Western world, the most important city of our age"; and they are confident that it "is destined to become the cultural and artistic center of Washington." But it is impossible to find in what they have created any response to this challenge.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MARKING TIME

If the opening of a season is to be timed on the dial of excellence the new theatre year has not yet begun. The best offering thus far, Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* (Anta) can get by only through sufferance.

That it should be mistaken for a good play, even a "masterpiece" in the sloppy lingo of Broadway journalism, is not surprising. It is semi-allegorical, a play with an "idea" and "well-written." The aging mercenary Pizarro, crippled, cynical, without hope of gaining anything in this life better than gold, encounters in his conquest of Peru the young Inca sovereign Atahualpa whose rule is just, his people content, his economy opulently communal, his disposition gentle. Pizarro's heart is touched as he beholds something in the Incas' world nobler than the conquistadors' reality of savage plunder. But Pizarro cannot escape from the corruption of his civilization; he is obliged against his soul's desire to destroy the trustful sovereign and to ravage his land and people.

This idea, presumably pregnant in itself, is set forth in scenes dramatically commonplace, in language without individual savor or edge. It is good writing only insofar as it is not bad. But in our theatre where fine writing is rare, literate speech of any sort impresses. Peter Shaffer is educated, and he manages the prose needed to tell his story as any deft English university fellow might.

The actors who represent the Spaniards are directed to speak in an accent vaguely foreign, while those who play the Incas speak in even stranger accents when they are not making outlandish sounds, which in all such plays (or movies) are supposed to imply a primitive vocabulary.

The costumes are colorful, the Inca masks in metal fascinating. Movement is ritualistic in the fashion of certain modern dance recitals in which no special skill is required. There is a certain amount of intoning in unison. The stage, a raked circular disk, is attractively lit in golden tones and our pleasure (if any) is pictorial. Everything in fact is well arranged though fundamentally conventional—that is, lacking in specific content.

Christopher Plummer who plays Pizarro is a real actor. He has an interesting sense of characterization, a voice which he employs to convey age and other special effects. His make-up is an achievement in itself. One feels too a reaching for a deep-rooted pathos in the part, the yearning of a bitterly disillusioned man, a crusty dejection, a kind of cracked idealism. If Plummer, an actor of marked dedication, does not move us as much as his gallant and talented effort warrants, it is because of a basic hollowness in the play.

It is all a product of *ability* and not of a genuine, subjective impulse or original insight. That is why the ele-

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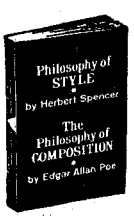

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ments of spectacle and artfulness in the production made me smile as if I were watching the posturings of children playing at being awesome and august. But even this may satisfy audiences hungry for a semblance of theatre.

Barbara Harris waited three years to appear in *On A Clear Day You Can See Forever* (Mark Hellinger). The show by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Burton Lane (music) reminds me of the man who knew a joke and wanted a musical built around it. *On A Clear Day* is about a simple working girl who has extrasensory perception. She is also able to recall a previous life in 18th-century England when she was a high-born lady. That's all. Nothing is added to the "idea" except a lot of expensive scenery. An orchestra seat costs $11.90. A great deal of money is going to be lost. That's show business.

Barbara Harris is an extraordinary talent. She is all transfiguration. She can make anything of herself. Putty-faced, she resembles a woebegone kewpie doll. But she can make herself look like a romantic star, an exquisite aristocrat, a *femme fatale*. She appears to have no ego or identity of her own: she acquires one through the person she plays. One can see a whole series of instantaneous transformations in her present performance inside a very brief span of time because the character she is supposed to impersonate is nonexistent and she is obliged to replace it with whatever her fancy dictates. She improvises new personalities throughout. A *dybbuk* seems to be in control.

As I watched her in the new show she took on a symbolic dimension. She became young American stage talent in general: charming, mercurial, full of delightful quirks and astonishing leaps of the imagination, deprived of a fixed destination, a secure purpose. It is a state of perpetual dispersal. She is elusive, provocative, funny and ultimately quite sad. Who will write Barbara Harris a real part?

The latest London import is *The Right Honourable Gentleman* by Michael Dyne (Billy Rose). It concerns a sex scandal stirred up for political reasons (in 1886) by Joseph Chamberlain, father of the unspeakable Neville. Written and constructed as though by some lesser Rattigan, it must have interested the English by reminding them of recent political-*cum*-sex imbroglios, and because its London cast was brilliant (only the commandingly handsome Coral Browne is present in New York). Then also, the English middle-class frame of mind never alters completely even when its typical dramaturgy has all but withered away.

I am told the play still attracts a number of people here because it has a plot with a beginning, middle and end, that it is well made (only relatively so), that it boasts proper, though naughty, ladies in nice clothes, and that its acting is neatly patterned. Theatre anyone?

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FILMS

Calvin Kentfield

NOB HILL FESTIVAL

San Francisco

The Ninth Annual International Film Festival has just ended, and compared to the miserable tank-town affairs of previous years it was a real success; at least it was well attended and on certain occasions downright brilliant. This year, there were no prizes, no winners and, therefore, no public defeats to spook a picture later. The festival was advertised as strictly a *cultural* event with an emphasis upon the word that can be laid there only by persons who do not realize that if you talk about your culture all the time it's a dead sure sign you haven't got it. During the black-tie opening at the spacious white marble auditorium on Nob Hill, the Mayor came on stage and said there was going to be culture; he was backed up in this by Shirley Temple. She was just as unabashed and embarrassing in her real-life young-matronly performance as in an interminable clip from one of her curly-top films in which she, Jack Haley and Alice Faye, dressed in Ruritanian castle-guard uniforms and shouldering wooden guns, sang chorus after tedious chorus of *The Toy Trumpeter's Tattoo*. The house, packed with dinner jackets and sweeping Trigères, commenced to squirm. When the polite applause was over, the grown-up Miss Temple was joined on stage by, one by one, the Russian delegation looking bewildered but also seeming overwhelmed by the grandeur of the event, by Ruth Roman, several identical television actors in black tuxes, Ed Begley and Willie Mays. Somebody in the audience yelled, "Play ball!" Except that it lacked gardenia corsages for the girls, the affair evinced all the style of a country-club formal in Winnetka. It wasn't high style, it wasn't even camp, so it *must* have been culture.

After its self-conscious opening night (the picture, when it finally came on, was an international production from Twentieth Century-Fox called *Rapture* which has already been seen in New York), the festival settled down to serious business. It was organized as a center ring, with supporting divertissements. In the main feature series there were not many really good films, but there were not, as in the past, very many really bad ones, films that only desperation could have sponsored. A good film is as hard to find as a good man.

The law of averages seems not to function on the screen as elsewhere: there were more great films to be seen when fewer films were being made. Also, the international film industry (excluding Hollywood, which remains wondrously isolated) has turned po-

Calvin Kentfield's most recent novel is All Men Are Mariners *(McGraw-Hill). He is also the author of a collection of short stories,* The Great Wondering Goony Bird *(Random House).*

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litely cannibalistic. One director feeds delicately off another. Even Satyajit Ray, way out in India, judging from his entry in this festival, has been nibbling away at the toes of Truffaut, with the result that his film *Charulata* is not quite digestible. *La Soldatesse*, an Italian film directed by Zurlini, should have been made by Rosselini twenty years ago. It is the story of a truckload of Greek whores being taken to the Albanian border to service the Italian troops during World War II. There are many fine moments, but the film is ultimately reduced to not-bad by its budget and its technique. The citizens scavenging in the rubble for bits of food are all wearing brand-new clothes, the girls (Anna Karina, Marie Laforet, et al.) are all lovely to look at and beautifully made up—resembling, in fact, a truckload of international movie stars. The lighting is artful and the camera work is slick; but no one who has seen Anna Magnani in that awful skirt and heartbreaking sweater, racing in agony down the street in the terrible natural light of Rosselini's Rome, could accept *La Soldatesse* as a great film about the war.

The 1939-45 war provided subject matter for 28 per cent of the festival's films, the most intensely awaited of which was *Das Haus in der Karpfengasse*. It was reported to be the first German-made film dealing with the Nazi deportation and murder of the Jews. It is interesting because of the point of view, but it too suffers from overfeeding on numberless other films of many nationalities dealing with the same subject. Rather than filming from either literature or life, the film makers are filming from films.

Yoyo, one of the best pictures shown during the week, was made by Pierre Etaix who must surely be the most brilliant Clair since René, the most whimsical Tati since Jacques, and the downright funniest dead-pan Keaton since Buster, but they've all been there before him. There is a sequence, however, in *Yoyo* in which the great man's spat is removed, his shoe unlaced—slowly, slowly—and the long limp tongue languidly lifted out by the delicate fingers of three gorgeous girls, that is one of the lewdest and most hilarious pieces of film ever printed, ranking in my esteem with Chaplin's shoe-eating in *The Gold Rush*, Keaton's galley scene in *The Navigator*, and the eating scene in *Tom Jones*. But Etaix's genius is for the short film and, like Fellini's *8½*, from which he has picked up many a morsel, *Yoyo* becomes tediously sentimental in the end.

James Agee once said in this magazine that *Zéro de Conduite*, a film made a long time ago by Jean Vigo, was made from the inside out as all great works must be. Ironically enough, the best film in the festival —which was notable for producing no inside-outers—was a short made by Danes about old Michel Simon, who spent most of the footage talking about Vigo who committed suicide when his works were mutilated by vulterine distributors, and who was new wave when Resnais, Godard and Truffaut were schoolboys.

The surprise of the festival, popular and critical, was a picture made around San Francisco by John Korty who gave it the unfortunate title of *The Crazy Quilt*. Everybody said that amid so much sex and war it was refreshing. It was described as charming, tender and funny; and Korty was called a Smollett of the American cinema. I only repeat what others have said because I'm in the film and am therefore disqualified from making public comment.

The *Tokyo Olympiad* closed the festival. It was a disgrace, a barely passable piece of hack editorial work that really could have been great. With 1,031 cameras, 232 different kinds of lenses, 400,000 feet of film, 164 cameramen, we end up with two hours of banality and bathos. It was shocking. No wonder the Japanese film industry is sick.

At midnight each night at a suffocating little movie house down in North Beach another festival was held of films by young directors. To my mind this was the most ruthless failure of the whole business, not because of the films, some not bad, but because of the conditions under which one had to view them. Surely the bright new people of the medium should be given equal, if not preferential treatment and not be stuck into a hot little hole after midnight.

The third part of the festival, "The American Director," was where Hollywood came in strong. It was for the old parties and it was nifty. People one had forgotten all about turned up in person—one a day—as though from Forest Lawn. Hal Roach, King Vidor, Busby Berkeley. Each afternoon, Albert Johnson, who was handling the series, showed clips from the films of whoever was the director of the day, then introduced the director himself. The revered guest then sat and reminisced or expounded or answered questions from the audience which was young, attentive and fascinated even by such cryptic types as Lewis Milestone. Each session finished with a showing of the director's favorite film. William Wellman showed *Wings* and Milestone showed *Of Mice and Men*, two great movies still. King Vidor showed *War and Peace* and Mervyn Leroy showed *Random Harvest* but, of course, you didn't have to stay if you didn't want to. For a rare view of the world behind the screen that movie nuts almost never get, this series was an inspiration, especially valuable for those bright young faces (students got in free) who were discovering Ronald Colman and Barry Fitzgerald.

On Saturdays, in the morning, two special programs were shown. They were listed as *Masterpieces of the Cinema of Fantasy*, but they were out-and-out kids' shows and sold out solid. The first was *The Bluebird* made in 1940 by the now departed Darryl F. Zanuck and starring Miss Temple who introduced it in her own unbelievable style. The other was *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Disney, himself, flew up from the Southland to take charge, and in all that vast crowd (somehow the management sold 400 more tickets than there were seats) not a *Film Quarterly*, not a *Sight and Sound*, not even a *Nation* could be seen.

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